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Sports Illustrated

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STARTS DECEMBER AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

VIEWPOINT

by JIM HAPLAN

SHOULD PAPERS HAWK THE SPREADS AND THEREBY ABET ILLEGAL BETTORS?

It's Monday morning, and bettors have been sleeping off their losses from weekend pools, parlays and side bets. This is what they wake up to: Michigan by 22½ points over Wisconsin in college football; trapezes *The Latest Line*, a daily column the *Chicago Tribune*-New York News syndicate sells to more than 60 papers; Oakland by 11 over San Francisco in pro football; Montreal by 1½ to 2 goals over Washington in pro hockey; Cleveland by 2½ over Houston in pro basketball.

By week's end newspaper sports sections are veritable swamps of odds, picks and betting tips. Some papers enlist so-called expert analysts, such as Jimmy the Greek and Bud Goode's computer *The Philadelphia Inquirer* carries "best bets" from 10 different handicappers, while the *Philadelphia Daily News* runs a daily column called Vegas Vic's Hot Line, offering tips on how Vic would bet certain games. The *Boston Globe's* weekly supplement *Sports Plus* carries a two-page

spread devoted to football gambling and featuring Larry Merchant's syndicated picking-the-pros column. A New York Post Friday column is the most explicit: it's called *The Post's NFL guide for the bettor*.

Sports betting is every bit the multibillion-dollar industry that big-time sport itself is and no medium has been quicker to adapt to that phenomenon than newspaper sports sections. It's now an open question whether their most avid readers are fans or bettors. "Come into my office and answer the phone the day we leave the line out," says Kerry Slagle, executive sports editor of *The Chicago Sun-Times*. "We get thousands of complaints."

Because betting information generates readership, very few sports editors fail to run betting lines on college and pro contests, and many supplement them with picks and tips. Those few who resist—the editors of *Newsday* and *The New York Times* most prominent among them—point out that gambling on any sports other than horse racing, dog racing and jai alai is illegal outside of Nevada. Should newspapers be in the business of gambling, they ask, and illegal gambling at that?

It's a question worth debating. Some of the arguments against the practice of print-

ing betting lines are: It helps those people who can least afford it to lose money. It contributes to Organized Crime—nearly all such betting is handled by bookies—and thus funds other criminal activities. It puts pressure on athletes and tempts them to shave points.

Blanching at his own sports section's *Playing Football* (which could also be called *Betting the Pros*), Washington Post columnist Dave Kindred argues: "Newspapers are not in the business of promoting illegal activities. The argument that if we don't run that, the other paper will, is morally baseless. The same goes for there's a great interest in betting. Sports is not about gambling."

Says Le Anne Schreiber, sports editor of *The New York Times*: "As long as gambling is illegal, running odds and picks puts the paper in a difficult position. I think it should be avoided, even if it seems like sticking your head in the sand."

And that, say betting-line advocates, is just what their opponents are doing. "People want information and that's what we're in business for," says Buddy Martin, executive sports editor of the *New York Daily News*. "It's a fact of life that people gamble. We don't contribute to it." Newsweek columnist Pete Axthelm says, "Gambling is legal, to the enjoy-



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ment many people get out of sports. It's hard to imagine people who aren't gambling, or who gamble a little, going into it in a big way because of the papers. In a lot of cases it's just people betting against each other. I don't think running odds corrupts athletes. College kids are thinking of pro contracts—why should they take the risk of getting caught in a fix? And I don't buy the argument that papers are contributing to Organized Crime. Most bookies are middle-class housewives who don't exploit people. They know your situation and often won't let you bet more than you can afford. The real villain is government-run legalized gambling such as Off-Track Betting, which feeds on the poor and sikes on the profit through high taxation.

Some observers take a middle ground. "We don't emphasize the odds with a big head news story or column," says Bill Shirley, sports editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. Instead, the *Times* runs a few inches of betting lines on its game page. *Schmuck* columnist Stan Jankes makes a distinction between pro and amateur sports. "Newspapers shouldn't run the odds on college sports. Putting that kind of pressure on kids is unfair. But pro football is a better sport." These days Newslut runs no gambling information, but allows its

pro football writers to predict scores on Sunday morning.

Inconsistencies often crop up in both extreme positions. Even papers that refuse to provide gambling information as a special feature may mention in a news story that, say, the Steelers are 3½-point favorites in the Super Bowl. On fall Fridays *The New York Times'* Bill Wallace lists off-kat odds in a preview of the coming Sunday and Monday pro football games. "I'm not entirely comfortable with that," says Schreiber.

Moreover, a stern rejection of gambling in all its ramifications can lead to unfortunate side effects. NCAA executive regulation 2-15-B states in effect that tip sheets or publications that carry advertising for tip sheets are to be denied press credentials for NCAA championship events. The result of this edict was the banning from the 1979 NCAA basketball finals of representatives of *Roadside Weekly*, a well-regarded and news-trade publication that carries gambling-sheet advertising.

When *Blowz*, Kuhn recently barred Willie Mays from working for the *Mets* while he represented a (legal) gambling event, point spreads and odds were certainly not involved. Nevertheless, it was strange to read the re-

marks of those sportswriters who appeared Kuhn's action—"protecting the integrity of the game"—even while their papers were abetting illegal gambling. As long as news papers run odds and tips—and, for that matter, self-promoting pick-the-score columns—these sportswriters appear to be sanctimonious when they argue the legality of anything, much less when they deplore gambling scandals.

A fair summation might be: It no matter how it is rationalized, newspapers shouldn't promote illegal gambling, but, paradoxically, 20 odds can be legitimate information even for the non-gambling sports fan. After the analysis, after the quotes, after the injury update, a newspaper reader can be aided in assessing the difference between opponents by noting the betting line. Perhaps odds should be a part of news stories, not printed as separate betting lines, and should be restricted to those events which are important enough to merit genuine previews. Touting the fact that the St. Louis Blues are 1 to 1½ point favorites over Edmonton is of no use to anyone but gamblers. The same, of course, can be said of picking scores or betting tips. If people want to lose money, they don't need alleged experts telling them how. **END**

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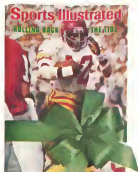


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Sideline

By KENNY MOORE

THIS MARATHON MAN ISN'T BATTIN' THE BREEZE WHEN HE SAYS HE RAN A 9.4 100

One of the small, unexpected consequences that result from a young and unknown runner making a breakthrough into national or world class is that some days later a questionnaire appears in his mailbox from *Track & Field News*, that extraordinarily thorough record keeper and conscience of the sport. The form asks for details of the athlete's training and, to help gauge his potential, it asks that he list all his best times, from 100 yards on up, even if he is a long-distance runner.

So it happened in 1964, when as a sophomore at Oregon I improved from 9:15 for two miles to 8:48.2. I was pleased by the arrival of the form and filled it out truthfully, even solemnly, for it seemed almost as much a passage to success as had been the race in which I had run so well. But *Track & Field News* never printed my best 100-yard time. They didn't even ask me about it. They just let it drop, surely thinking it an embarrassing, sophomoric lie.

I had put down "9.4w."

The little "w." of course, stood for wind-aided. The wind had been my ally, and I certainly did not want to deceive anyone. Now, if they had asked me about it, if they had wanted to know precisely how much wind I was helped by, I would have been honest. I would have said about 85 mph. Then I would have told this story.

On Oct. 12, 1962, Columbus Day, when I was one month into my freshman year of college, a freakish windstorm, like no other in memory, blew out of the Pacific from the southwest and roared up Oregon's Willamette Valley. The earth had been soaked by more than a week of steady rain, and trees, the grip of their roots weakened by the soggy soil, were at the mercy of the gale.

The rising wind came to my attention during math class in Deady Hall, the oldest building on the Oregon campus, which had a distracting view of a walkway beneath a number of stately Douglas firs. I looked up from a differential equation to see several splendid trees falling across the walk.

An hour later a third of the trees were down. Rings of students chanted and cheered as each 200-year-old fir swayed and struggled against the blast before finally yielding with a groaning and popping of roots, the gray-green mass of branches descending upon running fraternity daredevils, the roots lifting a great crater out of smooth lawn.

Now, I suppose, I would weep at the loss. Then, strangely unaffected, I went from class to cross-country practice. Naturally, it was canceled, but soon several runners were on the practice track behind Hayward Field, running windblown 100-yard dashes. My roommate, Bruce Mortenson, who would win the 1965 NCAA steeplechase, did one in 9.9. "The wind is like a huge hand on your back," he said. "It's hard to keep your balance, and it's almost impossible to slow down."

We learned how to use the gale to maximum effect, running with high bounds, almost leaning back into its palpable cushion. I happened to catch a great gust and was thrown to my 9.4. Then Gordy Paine, a 10-second sprinter, came out and strode through an 8.8. (At the time the world record was 9.2; it is now 9.0.) "Let me try that again," he shouted, his eyes wide with greed. But at that moment, half the roof blew off the ATO house, upwind across 18th Street, and suddenly the air around us was filled with shingles and spinning sheets of tin. We took refuge in an unfinished portion of the athletic department buildings, staring out at the damage that had escaped our notice during our record-breaking frolic. Blue sparks leaping as power lines thrashed in the streets like be-headed serpents, severed tree limbs crashing down on parked cars.

"This never happens here," we said, and we were right, it doesn't. Oregonians always shake their heads when hurricanes hit the South and East, tornadoes rip up the Midwest, fires and landslides and earthquakes rum California. "Lord, why do people stay in such places?" we say. Only on Columbus Day, 1962 did it seem there was nowhere for us to hide.

At my home across town an old oak tree dropped a two-ton limb onto the house, crushing a bedroom. My 15-year-old brother, straining with my father to hold up a cherry tree in our front yard, said, "You know, this is the worst thing that ever happened to me." Even among the wreckage my father had to laugh. "May it remain so," he said.

Indeed, the wind did not turn out to be a killer storm, not like those the rest of the country must deal with. My recollections of its aftermath are mostly those of an aching back and shoulders, a whine in my ears from a night and a day of working with a chain saw and days spent freeing cars and streets of trees that innocently had grown all their lives without ever feeling such a gale.

The wind never reaches 30 mph in Eugene now without mention of the Columbus Day Storm, and as new generations grow up unimpressed by our talk of a storm they did not witness, it would be nice to have that 9.4w there in the public record as proof of a day when half a state learned to regard its weather as not always predictable, when nature made a callow youth experience the faint desuetude of new respect.

END



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Illustration

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Here's a dirt bike of another color. Lime green, like its racing cousin, the KX80 mini (not shown). The KDX80 has a motocross frame and suspension, leading

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"Clean up football or abolish it," President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the organizers of college football in 1905 after eighteen players died during one season. The warning was heeded.

Almost seventy-five years later, from Pop Warner to the pros, football is in trouble again. This time, according to *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood, the warnings are being ignored:

- a million high school players hurt
- a 100% injury rate among NFL players
- Sanctioned violence and dangerous equipment
- Win-or-else coaches
- Professionalization and questionable values on the college level and below.

In a book certain to spread the controversy of his *Sports Illustrated* series of articles, Underwood exposes and explores the dramatic problems that jeopardize the sport's future and offers a detailed, constructive proposal for reforming the game.

"A powerful indictment of the grid-iron system from top to bottom."

—*Publishers Weekly*

THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN GAME

THE CRISIS IN FOOTBALL

John Underwood



SI

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A SUPERB STUDY OF A SPORT THAT HAS BECOME CENTRAL TO COMMUNITY LIFE

There's high school football, and then there's Texas high school football. That's no tall tale. Though boosters of the game in Pennsylvania or Ohio might contend that their states produce as many quality players as the Texas schools do, no state is going to beat Texas when it comes to taking high school football seriously.

In Texas, high school football isn't a game; it's a form of civil religion. Doubters are referred to a quite wonderful book called *Rites of Fall: High School Football as Texas* (University of Texas Press, \$24.95). It features 169 photographs by Geoff Wittingham, a text by Al Reinert and a concluding commentary by Don Meredith. As a study of sport in America, it has few rivals. The book's contributors understand that when sport of any kind is central to community life, it becomes a vivid reflection of that community. Al Reinert puts it with considerable eloquence:

"In most small Texas towns there are few enough ways to excite one's passion or ambition, to assert oneself. Life is bounded and determined by the land and the weather and the distant impositions of the government and God—both about equally predictable and final—which means life is physical and seasonal, elemental, stoical. It is commonplace by definition—or as common, that is, as life in a place such as Texas can be. Full of their own rich yearnings, Texans have always seemed to struggle hardest against ordinariness, and for more than half a century now the basic stage and focus for that struggle has been on high school football fields."

Geoff Wittingham's black-and-white photographs depict that struggle with sympathy, affection and a certain wary detachment; they have the grit and graininess of a Larry McMurtry novel: the beefy boosters talking up the team, the coltish cheerleaders and spangled baton-twirlers, the coaches beseeching God or any other available deity to get that damn ball over the goal line.

And even though this is a book about the ritual rather than the game, above all the pictures capture the players: boys of 15 and 16 and 17 upon whose heavy burdens have been pressed. The authors let the boys speak for themselves, and they leave the last word to Meredith, who recalls a game between Mt. Vernon and Sulphur Springs as "maybe the game I'm proudest of in my whole career."

It may be hard to find *Rites of Fall* in bookstores. The address of the University of Texas Press is Box 7819, Austin, Tex. 78712. **END**

REDFORD FONDA



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COMING THIS CHRISTMAS

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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

OPEN INVESTIGATION

In a week that saw the glittering ascension of Sugar Ray Leonard to the WBC welterweight title and two other exciting championship bouts (page 26), boxing was also saddened by the death of middleweight Willie Classen from injuries suffered in a Nov. 23 fight against Wilford Scypion.

Classen had been taken unconscious from the ring at Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum after he was knocked out 12 seconds into the 10th and final round. Many observers, Scypion among them, felt that referee Lew Eskin should have stopped the fight right after Classen was knocked down in the 9th round. And some ringside onlookers were surprised that Classen's young and somewhat inexperienced manager, Marco Minuto, and the State Athletic Commission's attending physician, Dr. Richard Izquierdo, allowed him to answer the bell for the 10th round. Classen was way behind in the scoring and so dazed he remained seated on his stool several seconds after the bell rang.

A State Athletic Commission review of the fight, conducted immediately after Classen was hospitalized, pronounced everything in order. In the aftermath of Classen's death, however, the commission reopened the investigation, and the labor standards subcommittee of the House Education and Labor Committee has indicated its interest in the fight by requesting copies of the commission's records on Classen.

The point of these investigations, we hope, will not be to assign blame or guilt to individuals, but to reevaluate the commission's licensing and regulatory procedures.

On Oct. 9 Classen was knocked out in a hastily arranged bout in London against Tony Sibson. Because New York automatically suspends a fighter for at least 30 days following a knockout and requires that the boxer apply for reinstatement at the end of that period, Classen had to have the commission's approval

to fight Scypion. He told the commission the London bout had been stopped in the second round because of cuts. But referee Harry Gibbs says he stopped it because "Classen showed no inclination to fight." The commission did not follow up Classen's application with an inquiry to London. Had it done so, it would not only have heard Gibbs' account, but would have found that Classen told the London fight physician he was suffering from double vision after the bout.

Another revelation that came to light after the New York fight was that Izquierdo is also the Classen family's regular physician.

Izquierdo probably should have stepped aside because of his personal involvement with one of the fighters, and let another commission doctor oversee the Classen-Scypion bout.

Minuto would not comment on the specifics of the case, but he did say, "I am very upset. I regarded Classen as a friend and almost as a brother. I welcome any investigation that might lead to better rules to protect fighters in the future."

Anyone who cares about boxing must agree.

CANNING BUD IN ST. LOUIS

The catalyst for St. Louis Cardinal President Bill Bidwill's decision to fire Coach Bud Wilkinson last week was Wilkinson's refusal to play third-year Quarterback Steve Pisarkiewicz, a first-draft choice from Missouri in 1977, for the final three games of the season. Bidwill felt that substitution necessary to determine whether Pisarkiewicz can be counted on as the Cardinal quarterback of the future, because veteran Jim Hart will be 36 next season.

The firing leaves Pisarkiewicz in an uncomfortable position. Including Sunday's 13-10 win over the 49ers, in which he completed nine of 16 passes for a total of 91 yards, Pisarkiewicz has now started two games as a pro and can count two NFL coaching scalps under his belt.

In fleeing St. Louis, Don Coryell, Wilkinson's predecessor, had blasted the Cardinal management for not giving him enough say in the draft. By inference he was pointing a finger at Pisarkiewicz, whom the Cardinals drafted ahead of Linebacker Robin Cole, now a starter for the Steelers, at a time when Coryell needed defensive help.

Last week Pisarkiewicz insisted that he felt no added pressure because of the circumstances leading to his starting assignment. But the turn of events clearly weighed on him. He said sadly, "All this crisis didn't need to happen."

THE LADY IS A SMITH

Women occasionally have shoed horses on farms and in stables, but now there is one so employed on the Southern California racetrack circuit. The female farrier is Ada Gates, an unlikely pioneer in this particular line of work. The daughter of a retired executive of the Corning



Glass Works, Gates, now 36, made her debut at the New York Cossilion, attended a couple of teeny secondary schools, Miss Hewitt's Classes in Manhattan and Virginia's Foxcroft School, and graduated from Briarcliff College. So how did somebody with such a rarefied background wind up hunched over a hot forge at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Del Mar? How did she become the only woman member of the International Union of Journeymen Horseshoers of the United States and Canada, AFL-CIO?

Well, it did take a while. Gates grew up in New York's horsey set—her grand-

continued

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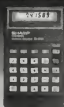
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father, David Dows, served as a member of the New York State Racing Commission—and after stints as an actress and road manager for Bob Dylan and Janis Joplin, she settled in Colorado and bought a mare. When she experienced difficulty getting somebody to shoe the animal ("I found a cowboy they said could do it but he was in a bar and drunk"), she took a degree from Oklahoma Farrier College and soon was shoeing for local ranchers. Then she went to California, where she apprenticed by making shoes for hunters and jumpers, and where she met an official in the farriers' union. He encouraged her to get her union card, and in February 1978 she began shoeing for various trainers at Hollywood Park.

Gates has since graduated to bigger barns and expects to earn \$30,000 this year. She acknowledges that shoeing horses is tough on the back and admits she cried the time a stallion fell on her. But she says she has no regrets about having traded her coming-out dress for well-worn leathers. "When I became a blacksmith, my mother hit the roof, my father was speechless and my brother, who operates a 20,000-acre ranch in Montana, thought I was out of my mind. But now they tell their friends, 'You know what Ada does...?' And I couldn't be happier. I've always adored horses."

FOR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS

Ithaca (N.Y.) College won its first Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl, and with it the NCAA Division III football title, by beating Wittenberg University of Ohio 14-10 on Saturday. But Ithaca's real test had come a week earlier in its semifinal play-off against Carnegie-Mellon.

Ithaca had opened the game by kicking off to the Tartans when South Hill Field was suddenly shrouded by a heavy fog that drifted in from Cayuga Lake. Fans in the stands and those in the press box could see nothing, and on the field, officials were able to discern only the vaguest suggestion of players. Ithaca Sports Information Director Bob Marx, vainly trying to type the play-by-play, gave up, writing in frustration: fog too heavy—nobody can see the field.

The game was suspended until visibility improved, and when play resumed it was discovered that before the interruption Carnegie-Mellon had advanced the ball 18 yards, but no one was quite certain how. Eventually a stiff breeze

cleared the air, and Ithaca pulled the game out 15-6 with some last-minute heroics. But the mystery players who had rushed in true obscurity did not step forward to claim their yards, which consequently were credited to TEAM.

A NEW LEAF

A year and a half after "indefinitely" suspending Dwight Stones, the AAU has reinstated the outspoken high jumper, granting him amateur status again and opening the way for him to try to qualify for his third Olympics.

In June 1978, Stones, along with miler Francie Larrieu, javelin-thrower Kate Schmidt and pentathlete Jane Frederick, was stripped of amateur eligibility for "improperly allocating" money won on TV's *The Superstars*. All four athletes had directed that their prize money, amounts ranging from \$3,100 for Larrieu to \$33,400-plus for Stones, be paid entirely to their track clubs. According to AAU policy, the money should have been allocated as follows: one-third to the national AAU; one-third to the athlete's local AAU chapter; and one-third to the athlete's favorite charity.

Last winter Larrieu was the first of the group to win reinstatement, by acknowledging that she had violated AAU rules and promising never to commit such a transgression again. Schmidt and Frederick were welcomed back to the fold under similar circumstances.

Meanwhile Stones continued to be an embarrassment to the AAU. He had directed his winnings to the Desert Oasis Track Club, of which he was the sole member. The AAU was not amused by that play, or by Stones' subsequent lawsuit charging the organization with involuntary servitude among other things. Further, convinced that his high-jumping career was finished, the former world record holder and two-time Olympic bronze medalist described in detail the under-the-table payments that track and field "amateurs" demand and receive for participating in meets (SI, April 2, 1979).

Appearing with his lawyer before the Board of Governors at the AAU convention in Las Vegas last week, Stones agreed to the following conditions before the board voted 62-18 to reinstate him: the \$33,633 in question will be split among the AAU, the Southern Pacific AAU and the U.S. Track and Field Association; Stones will publicly apologize for the nasty things he said about the

AAU; he will drop the legal actions he initiated against the AAU, and if he doesn't live up to the last part of the bargain, he will pay the AAU attorneys' fees.

Stones doesn't seem likely to renege. "I'm so hungry to jump I can taste it," he said after the board voted. "At this point, the only things I care about are the Olympic Trials and Moscow."

But he will have to wait for reinstatement by the International Amateur Athletic Federation—the body that will determine if Stones is eligible to participate in the Olympics—and it will not come automatically. According to John Holt, general secretary of the IAAF in London, the Federation generally doesn't approve such reinstatements. But Larrieu, Schmidt and Frederick have received the IAAF's blessings, and if the AAU feels sufficiently mollified after the posting of its prodigal high jumper, why should the international federation balk at accepting him, too?

BOMING UP ON THE WEATHER

Not everyone eats turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. Preston J. Shallcross always has goose, and then only a fresh, domestic one, born the previous spring. "A wild goose won't do," the 97-year-old resident of Rock Hall, Md. insists, "because you can't tell how old it is. I have to have a first-year goose."

Shallcross is not as concerned about the tenderness of the flesh as the reliability of the bones. For years he has been "examining" the keel-shaped breastbone of his geese to make long-range weather predictions; folklore has it that only a year-old bone will do the job.

His daughter Helen, 64, says, "He has always been pretty accurate."

Local agricultural agent W. James Miliken confirms that "Shallcross has come pretty close the last couple of years."

So listen up. The nonagenarian forecaster says, "This year's bone was one of the lightest I'd ever seen, except toward the end where it got very dark. It will be a mild winter until February, when there will be an abrupt change to winter weather that will extend into March."

THEY SAID IT

● Jim Zorn, Seattle Seahawk quarterback, whose wife Joy is expecting their first child. "If it's a boy, my neighbors have some friends who want me to name him Bjorn, so the headlines could read, BJORN ZORN BORN." END

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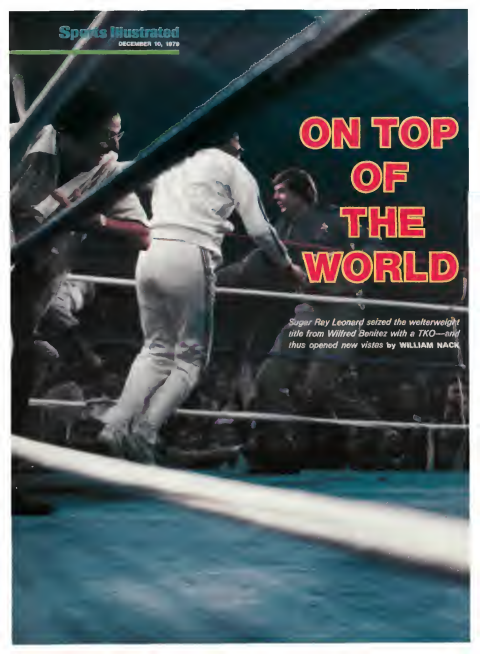
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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 10, 1978

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Sugar Ray Leonard seized the welterweight title from Wilfred Benitez with a TKO—and thus opened new vistas by WILLIAM NACK



Looking like a sculptor putting the last touches on a bust, Bob Jermain stood over Sugar Ray Leonard and gently applied a dab of greasepaint to the fighter's left cheek. "Make me look like new again," Leonard had said. Jermain was obliging.

It was Saturday afternoon, 19 hours after Leonard had won the WBC welterweight championship, and Leonard was in a dressing room backstage on the set of *The Merv Griffin Show* at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Jermain, the show's makeup man, painted the left cheek, then the right, using a grease intended to cover up the reds and blues of the bruises under Leonard's eyes. "The new Sugar Ray Leonard!" Charlie Brotman, Leonard's P.R. man, called from behind him.

Leonard is admittedly vain about his looks. The first thing he does after most fights is examine his face. After the fight the night before he had peeked only once. He was not badly bruised, but what he saw pained him. "I looked in the mirror and turned off the light," he said. "I couldn't believe it. Is that me?"

He had just beaten Wilfred Benitez for the title, stopping him with six seconds to go in the 15th and final round, and this was one way he was paying for it. That he required extensive makeup to prepare for talk-show television was testimony to what he had been through inside the ring. And, makeup aside, there was no hiding the effect of the mental and physical pressures he had endured in winning the hardest and most important fight of his life from the toughest, most dangerous opponent he had ever met. The night before, he had lain in a bathtub for an hour, unable to attend the party he was throwing at Caesars Palace. "Every bone in my body aches," he said. He had been dehydrated and had slept fitfully, waking up after nightmares with an unquenchable thirst. "I kind of felt like Rocky," he said. "This for me was the ultimate test. There was so much pressure."

The heaviest pressure stemmed from knowing the kind of money he could make if he won the title. Leonard would earn \$1 million for the Benitez fight, Benitez \$1.2 million, and Sugar Ray knew that if he won there would be more down the line—

continued

The new champ gets a boost from Jacks Morton as Dave Jacobs and Angelo Dundee rush to celebrate

millions more. He paved the test by scoring a stunning TKO off a deft combination. He beat perhaps the best defensive fighter in boxing in a match that seemed at once a chess match and a manhunt, a tactical exercise in which two fighters stalked each other, slipped and feinted, and countered and probed for weaknesses. "From a technical standpoint, there was more done in this fight than I've seen done for a long time," said Angelo Dundee, Leonard's trainer. "You saw two smart, scientific fighters—two champions in the ring at the same time. They brought the best out of each other."

And, to the extent they did so, they answered some questions about themselves. There was Leonard, at 23 the sport's ascendant star, going after the title in his 26th professional fight—first, versatile, intelligent and a superb finisher. "My ambition is to retire financially independent, unharmed," Leonard says. "My ambition is not to be just a good fighter. I want to be something great, something special." What was not known was how he would respond to the kind of pressure that so superb a craftsman as Benitez would bring

to bear on him: how he would deal with a tricky, ambidextrous opponent; how well he could take punches over the course of a fight; and how he could handle a full 15 rounds—he had never gone more than 10.

And there was Puerto Rico's Benitez, at 21 ring-wise beyond his years: the junior welterweight champion at 17, the youngest titleholder of all time, the welterweight champion at 20; a counter-puncher with quick hands. How would he deal with Leonard's jab, and how would it affect him that he had not fought since March? "We'll find out whether Ray Leonard is the consummate professional that he appears to be," said Jimmy Jacobs, Benitez' manager. "Leonard will be hit more than he has ever been hit in his life. I think it will go 15 rounds, and I'm extremely confident that Wilfred will win." The bettors disagreed, making the champ a 3-to-1 underdog.

As the bout began, the fighters met in the center of the ring in a 30-second staring match, their faces menacingly stony, inches apart. The crowd, rising, cheered them with loud whoops and whistles.

Then Leonard began moving and jabbing, and it appeared that he had found his target, that this might be an early evening. In the first round he tagged Benitez with a sweet hook that came off a jab and righthand, rocking the champ backwards. But Benitez got away. In the third Leonard caught him again, this time with a cleanly delivered left jab. Benitez went down on the seat of his pants. Up quickly, he took a standing eight-count, and at the bell walked to his corner smiling sheepishly.

Benitez found Leonard with two righthand leads in the fourth, and suddenly Leonard was fighting a different man. "I wasn't aware I was in a championship early because I hit him so easy," Leonard said. "But then he adjusted to my style. It was like looking in a mirror." And Leonard was having trouble hitting his man, especially with the overhand right. Benitez slipped one after another, dipping under them.

"Go downstairs!" Dundee exhorted Leonard between rounds. "Go to the body. Stick that left in his face. You can't stand in front of him and hit him with a right hand. Forget the right hand!" Leonard held

out his hand, indicating where Benitez' face was. "But he's right there!" said Ray.

"Yeah," said Dundee. "He's right there, but then he ain't there."

Occasionally the two fighters stopped face to face, flat-footed, feinting with their hands, weaving like wind-up dolls and searching for the openings. Leonard was looking at a mirror. In the sixth round, in fact, they cracked their foreheads together. Fortunately for Leonard, the blow raised only a welt. Unfortunately for Benitez, it opened a gash. Blood flowed down his face. His corner treated the cut, but Benitez knew that Leonard could reopen the wound and that the blood could impair his vision. Benitez was suffering from another problem, too. He had injured his left thumb early in the fight, and by the seventh round he was shaking his left glove at his side.

It was an odd fight, with much parrying and displays of ringcraft, and hard to judge. Neither man dominated. Neither could move the other around. Neither could set the other up. And there was not much banging. Leonard landed the harder blows and had Benitez going more than once late in the fight. In the ninth he delivered a flurry of punches, culminating with a right that put Benitez into the ropes. In the 11th Leonard hit him with a hook that jarred his mouthpiece loose. Benitez rope-a-doped. Leonard, who probably missed more punches in this fight than in all his previous 25 pro bouts combined, could not put him away. "No one, I mean no one, can make me miss punches like that," he said. "I kept thinking, 'Man, this guy's really good.'"

If the two used every feint and maneuver in the first 14 rounds, science deferred to war in the 15th, a round they both thought they needed to win. Actually, through 14 rounds Leonard was in front by at least two points on all three cards. Harry Gibbs, the English judge, had them the closest, 136-134 on the 10-point-must system. "Leonard missed so much," he said. "Boxing is the art of self-defense, and Benitez made Leonard miss."

The fighters swung from all points of the compass in the 15th. For weeks, preparing for this fight, Leonard had studied films of Wilfredo Gomez, the super bantamweight champ, who throws a devastating left uppercut. And now, off a jab, Leonard stepped inside and turned

Benitez' lefts startled Leonard with their force





but a Leonard left dropped Bentiz early

one home, catching Bentiz on the chin. Down the champion went, to his knees. Regaining his feet, he stepped gingerly to a corner, kicking his legs to get the feeling back. He was ripe now. Leonard threw two punches more, and referee Carlos Padilla stopped the fight. Bentiz had been beaten for the first time in 38 professional fights, and Leonard was the WBC's new welterweight champion.

Perhaps never has a title changed hands with more amicability and sportsmanship. Three times the two men embraced at the postfight press conference. "I have no excuses," said Bentiz, with the gash still open and his thumb swelling. "He won easy, you know." He'll win a lot of fights like I do when I was champion. O.K.? He's a great challenger. He became champion beating me. I want to give him a good luck and God bless him."

Bentiz's \$1.2 million purse did nothing, of course, to inhibit his feelings of good will. Nor did the prospect of a return engagement next year. The two camps have a gentlemen's agreement for a rematch. Leonard's prospects in the marketplace are limitless now. With television behind Leonard, every opponent he chooses is in for a payday the likes of which he never had before. Among those who may thereby profit are the World Boxing Association champ, Pipino Cuevas, and former lightweight champ Roberto Duran.

The next day, Leonard stared at the mirror as Jermain worked on him. Angelo Dundee stood behind him. Leonard said quietly, "I think we should have had this guy in our corner."

WHEN A TIE IS BETTER THAN KISSING YOUR SISTER

by Pat Putnam

For Mills Lane, who refereed the brawling, bloody middleweight title fight which preceded the Leonard-Bentiz bout at Caesars Palace, the outcome was as apparent as the many cuts on Vito Antuoferno's craggy face. Moving quickly to the corner of Marvin Hagler, Mills directed the challenger to turn and face the ABC-TV cameras. "Congratulations," Mills murmured. "Now stay facing this way until they announce the decision and I raise your arm."

Across the way, little Freddie Brown, the ancient cutman, was busily anointing Antuoferno's torn features with his magic wound solution. There were six cuts. 25 stitches would be required to close four of them.

"You win it in the last round," Brown rasped, working swiftly. He didn't want Vito—a 4-1 underdog in his first title defense—to be bleeding when they told him he was still champion.

But surely the referee and the doctors were right and Brown was not.

And then they read the astonishing decision.

Judge Dalby Shirley: 144-142 for Antuoferno.

Judge Duane Ford: 145-141 for Hagler.

And Judge Hal Miller: 143-143

A draw. And draws go to the champion.

The champion's style is neo-caveman. Pressure is his game. He simply lowers his head and charges, and once inside he rains blows with unrelenting fury. It is a style that had won the 26-year-old ex-sausage grinder 45 of 49 fights (with one draw) and the WBC-WBA title (from Hugo Corral last June). The Hagler bout brought him \$190,000. His opponent was paid \$40,000.

While basically a left-hander, Hagler is a switcher who prefers to fight from a distance, sharp and clean. He wears people down, taking them out with clusters of crushing, crisp combinations. While winning 46 of 49 bouts (one draw) he had knocked out 38 opponents.

Against Antuoferno, an Italian-born resident of Brooklyn who usually begins to bleed halfway through the *continued*

In the early rounds Hagler kept bullish middleweight champion Antuoferno at bay—and cut him up





Antuoferno and Hagler may tangle again

national anthem. Hagler's slashing style promised to remind people of the Little Bighorn. But only "if we can keep Vito off us," said Pat Petronelli, who with his brother Goody manages and trains Hagler. "Vito is rough and tough, a street brawler with a lot of heart whose best punch is his head. We can't go inside with him. That would be crazy."

Hagler's strategy was to circle the wagons, to stay out of the corners and off the ropes and, whenever Antuoferno got inside, to tie him up until the referee gave him a pass out of the danger zone.

In the early going it was all Hagler. The 27-year-old challenger piled up points with a stinging clothesline jab and hooks from both sides. A jab opened a small cut in the outside corner of Antuoferno's left eye in the third; a left uppercut opened the other corner of the same eye in the fourth.

In the fifth, the champion began to apply more pressure, but he took still more punishment getting inside. He came out of that round bleeding from a small cut near the corner of the right eye. He was cut twice more in the sixth: over the

right eye and on the right cheek, the latter a two-inch opening. In the ninth Hagler ripped him under the left eye.

"Help," said cutman Brown. In stepped Tony Canzone, Antuoferno's manager, who worked on two of the cuts while Brown closed the other four.

"I'm getting old," sighed Brown, who is 72. "Once I could close six cuts in a minute and not even feel hurried."

If the cuts were troubling Brown, they seemed to have little, if any, effect on Antuoferno. Still playing the ball to Hagler's matador, he stepped up his attack, pouring in, punching without pause.

By the 14th round Antuoferno had what he wanted: a gang rumble in a Brooklyn back alley. Abandoning artistry, Hagler met him head to head.

The challenger was cut in the outer corner of his right eye and blood streamed down his cheek. Antuoferno was having trouble breathing because of a lingering cold; his body was splattered with blood.

As the last round began, both men rushed across the ring, meeting halfway, and began swinging. Three minutes later they were still swinging. It was a cruel, bloody combat, and it was a waste.

Hardly had the decision been announced when Bob Arum, the Top Rank promoter, standing at ringside, shouted that there would be an immediate rematch, much to the dismay of the WBC and the WBA—and of Alan Minter, the English southpaw who had been promised the next title fight no matter who won in Las Vegas.

"The WBC will not be led by promoters," countered José Sulaimán, the WBC president. "We will have our convention in a week, and we will talk about it. There is no doubt Hagler deserves another chance. But after Minter."

At first, Dr. Elias Cordoba, the WBA ratings chairman and the power behind the scenes, agreed. But later, after reflection and a conference with Arum, he changed his mind and said the WBA would order an immediate rematch.

Which leaves Antuoferno as the man in the middle. He'll have to make a choice: fight Minter for the WBC or Hagler for the WBA. He'll make one group happy; the other group will strip him of its version of the title.

Through no fault of his own, Antuoferno soon will be half a world champion. That is the unkindest cut of all.

MARVIN WAS FAIRLY MARVELOUS

by Joe Jares

Victor Galindez, the 31-year-old WBA light-heavyweight champion, rained his thick arms. His relatives and handlers from Argentina shouted gleefully. Excited fans in the audience pressed in closer as the photographers' motorized cameras clicked away. Yes, Galindez had not only made the 175-pound weight limit, he had made it with a quarter-pound to spare. After which he hurried out into the hall and savored an *empanada*, a pastry stuffed with meat and olives.

So much for Galindez' high points last Friday in New Orleans. That night in the Superdome, as part of ABC's Las Vegas-New Orleans prime-time spectacular, he defended his title against Marvin Johnson, a balding 25-year-old lefty from Indianapolis. Johnson out-punched him, outpunched him and finally TKOed him in the 11th round.

It was the second time that Johnson, a bronze medalist at the Munich Olympics, had won a light-heavy title. He took the WBC version from Mate Parlov of Yugoslavia in Sicily last winter but lost it to Matthew Saad Muhammad earlier this year.

To get ready for Galindez, Johnson trained at Fort Bragg, N.C., where his brother, Henry, is a staff sergeant and assistant coach of the boxing team. Their mother, Ruthie, was along to cook steaks, potatoes, black-eyed peas and three kinds of greens.

Johnson is a soft-spoken, religious man, but his pre-fight orations carried a touch of Ali. "I've got youth on my side. I also feel I'm going to win because I'm a better boxer than he is. I am more scientific. Plus the fact that I can do what he does best, which is punch, slug. Stand in the center of the ring and slug—I can do that."

Galindez worked hard, too, melting off the sweat by taking long runs beside Lake Pontchartrain—and once startling his entourage by stripping to his trunks at 8:15 a.m. and plunging into the freeze-

ing water. After running and doing calisthenics every morning, he kicked a soccer ball around. He worked equally hard in the gym.

This was the champ's 12th title defense (he was 10-1 going in) and, as usual, his weight was the subject of much discussion. It wasn't so much a question of whether he would make 175, but after making it would he have anything more than a featherweight's punch? When he lost his title to Mike Rossman last year (he won it back on April 14, 1979), Galindez claimed that two days in the sweat box had hurt him more than his opponent.

On Friday night he wasn't the charging bull of old. His strategy was to lie against the ropes, cover up and hope Johnson would wear himself out. Occasionally in each round he would spring out and throw a few haymakers, but mostly he kept his gloves in front of his face and pecked out as Johnson banged away. All round the ropes they went, as if there were a snake pit in the center of the ring.

"I got ready for this," said Johnson afterward, "and I was able to punch three minutes a round for 15 rounds. So I knew I could do it with him."

In a sense, Johnson's most effective weapon was his right jab. It wasn't jackhammer-powerful, but it was bothersome, not so much for any damage it did but because it made the champion change the arc of his fearsome left hook.

He had to throw it over Johnson's thrusting right arm, and that took away much of its sting.

Two-thirds of the way through, Galindez had won two rounds at most, but he wasn't far behind on points, and points are what count under WBA rules. Yet the champion came out slugging at the start of the 11th round as if he had to douse the lights for his opponent right then or lose.

Instead it was Johnson who got the T.K.O. Twenty seconds into the round he caught Galindez with a long, looping left, and the Argentine went staggering across the ring and down, a peach-colored towel from his corner landing on the blue mat at the same time his body did.

"Galindez is a powerful fighter," said Johnson afterward, "Mind you, he's been champion a long, long time. Just anybody can't do to him what I did to him. In fact, that's probably the first time you ever saw him hit the canvas like that."

"And I want to say this in front of everybody, I'm a fair champion. The title belongs to the best man, and I feel that since Victor Galindez was kind enough to give me a shot, I'll be kind enough to give him a return any time he wants."

Given his problems with making weight, it seemed more likely that Galindez will either retire or move up to the new cruiserweight division, between light heavy and heavyweight.

For his part, Johnson is eager to



Johnson's long range bombing was on target

battle and beat Saud Muhammad and thus become the undisputed world champ. But first it would be back home again to Indiana to rest. He planned to spend time with his wife and 4-month-old son and then go rabbit hunting with brother Henry. And there would be a happy, high-caloric little ritual to enjoy. After each victory an Indianapolis sportswriter, Jimmy Angelopoulos, buys him a huge, gooey banana split. Marvin Johnson is too young right now to worry much about the scales.

END

Galindez' WBA light-heavyweight reign came to an abrupt end in the 11th round in New Orleans when a Johnson looping left toppled him heels over head



NOW NEW MEXICO FEELS THE HEAT

Scant weeks after the sordid revelations regarding Arizona State's football program, investigators have uncovered a skein of wrongdoing, including a phony transcript for a UNM basketball player and a case of alleged bribery **by JOHN PAPANEK**



University President Davis had the unpleasant task of answering some unpleasant questions about New Mexico basketball coaches Ellenberger and Goldstein

Ordinarily, Coach Norm Ellenberger would have enjoyed the crazy, chaotic scene at Albuquerque International Airport last Friday as the University of New Mexico basketball team prepared to embark on its season-opening trip to the University of Colorado in Boulder. It would have been reasonable to expect the television cameras and the swarm of reporters, photographers and fans that charged the atmosphere. After all, Ellenberger, 48, is a hip fast-lane traveler, adorned with gold chains and turquoise jewelry, long hair and sexy mustache, tailored jeans and open-to-the-navel silk shirts. He is the man who in seven seasons compiled a 134-62 record, won two Western Athletic Conference titles and took his team to four postseason tournaments. He is the man who turned Lobo

basketball into a statewide religion, a focus of popular frenzy surpassed by few college basketball teams anywhere.

But this was no ordinary send-off. Nor was it an ordinary day in the ever-expanding, ever-darkening industry of intercollegiate athletics. It was a day when the University of New Mexico found itself—like Arizona State a few weeks earlier—answering difficult questions about a fictitious transcript and misplaced athletic priorities. But there were other, perhaps even darker, clouds over Albuquerque. The New Mexico Organized Crime Strike Force was in on the investigation with local police, amid allegations of illegal gambling activities,

Craig Gilbert was to get academic credits from a junior college that he says he "never heard of"



possibly involving individuals with ties to the UNM basketball program.

Ellenberger would not show up at the airport, nor would Assistant Coach Manny Goldstein. Also staying home was junior Craig Gilbert, a transfer from Oxnard (Calif.) College, a ball-handling and defensive gem who had been slated to start for the Lobos at point guard.

Although the other players and Assistant Coach Charlie Harrison were stunned by these absences, they should not have been. That morning, two days after every player and coach had been interrogated at practice by agents of the FBI, the U.S. Attorney's office in Albuquerque released documents that implicated Ellenberger and Goldstein in a morass of unsavory activity. A federal search warrant and an attached Albuquerque Police Department transcription of a tapped telephone conversation between the two coaches indicated that in order to make Gilbert eligible to play for New Mexico, Goldstein had forged a transcript in Gilbert's name from a junior college that Gilbert said he had never heard of and then allegedly paid the dean of admissions at Oxnard to apply the bogus credits to Gilbert's record.

It was a revelation that sent the university and the state of New Mexico reeling, with aftershocks felt wherever there are adults who will do almost anything to convince teen-agers to come play for their colleges. The revelation also startled the NCAA, even though it had been investigating New Mexico closely and in mid-September had charged the school with an undisclosed but substantial number of rules violations. NCAA action apparently is the least of the university's worries; Ellenberger and Goldstein could face federal charges of bribery and wire and mail fraud after a grand jury hears testimony, beginning Dec. 12.

Within hours of the team's departure for Colorado, the university's president, William E. (Bud) Davis, announced that both coaches had been suspended—Ellenberger at his own request, following a 45-minute meeting with Davis, after which he went into seclusion; Goldstein in absentia, because he was nowhere to be found at the time. As for Gilbert, reached in his dorm room, confused and alone, he said, "I didn't know anything about this. I just heard on TV that I'm



Brooklynite Goldstein was known as a masterful recruiter—then the wiretaps were made public.

done for the year. I guess I'll go home soon."

Coming as they did in a public-record document, the startling disclosures provided a unique look at the seamy side of recruiting, in which men like the 30-year-old, Brooklyn-born Goldstein forage for players in ghetto playgrounds and high school gyms, and at relatively obscure junior colleges like Oxnard or Mercer County in New Jersey. At the junior colleges, recruiters find players who didn't go big-time after high school. Maybe they had poor grades. Maybe they got into trouble. Maybe they needed work on their jump shot or needed to grow three inches.

Ellenberger has gone the juno route for the last several years. Maybe he has not had model citizens on his teams, but

he has won—and packed the house. And to some that is really all that counts. In the past five months alone, one recent Lobo player has been convicted of misappropriating city funds and a second of credit-card fraud, while a third was charged with armed robbery and aggravated assault but hasn't yet come to trial. A current player, Kenny Page, who played his high school ball in Staten Island, removed a Cadillac from an Albuquerque dealer's showroom last June without permission and drove it to Columbus, Ohio. A stolen-car report was filed with the police but retracted two days later. Page had brought his Triumph TR-7 into Gilles Oldsmobile Cadillac Co. for repairs and was given an Olds Cutlass as a "loaner." Page drove the Cutlass away but "just didn't like it." So

continued



NEW MEXICO SCANDAL

he brought it back, switched the plates to a Seville, took the keys and headed for Ohio State, where he played his freshman year and was placed on team probation for undisclosed reasons. Puge was told to return the car, which he did. Alan Summers, the sales manager, canceled the police report. Summers is a member of the Lobo Club, the local booster organization. Puge is one of the Lobos' star players.

Then there is Will Smiley, a 6' 10" center who played for Ellenberger from 1976 to 1978. Smiley, who is from the Bronx, spent time in several New York state reformatories and then enrolled in Scottsdale (Ariz.) Community College without graduating from high school. While in Scottsdale he was convicted of rape, and immediately after being paroled from the Arizona state prison in Florence, Smiley enrolled at New Mexico. He did not graduate and until recently worked as a laborer in the Albuquerque street department. "The man just used me because I was a tall dude," says Smiley, referring to Ellenberger. "If I ain't 6' 10", I'm back in jail, and they throw away the key."

"I went to class for a while," Smiley says now. "But you know how it is. You start to slide more and more, and pretty soon, you just lay around all day, waiting for time to practice." Smiley says he has no regrets about his lack of education: "Hell, no. I'm doing just fine now, making good money and keeping out of trouble. School was just something to pass the time."

"Norm loves the renegade image," said a friend of the suspended Lobo coach last week. "And I'll tell you the fans love it, too. Or they don't care. As long as Norm gives them a winner, they don't care how the players act."

The current New Mexico roster lists eight jaco transfers among its 11 eligible players. An obvious advantage of recruiting junior college players is that they already have two years of post-high school experience. A disadvantage is that they've had two years to become spoiled stars. But it's easier to admit a jaco transfer and make him eligible than it is to admit a freshman. According to the NCAA's eligibility rules, a freshman must have a 2.0 grade-point average from high school. That is as difficult for some as being asked to play defense. Jucos



Ellenberger (left) was suspended, leaving the Lobos to Harrison for their season opener.

transfers are eligible if, after two years, they've completed 48 hours of transferable work with a 2.0 average, or if they've earned an associate of arts (A.A.) degree from a junior college. "At some of these junior colleges it doesn't take a whole lot to complete 48 hours of 2.0 work," says New Mexico Dean of Admissions Robert M. Weaver. And once a jaco transfer gets in, he has little trouble maintaining his 2.0, what with courses like Fundamentals of Football and Fundamentals of Basketball, two that are available to UNM athletes as well as other students. Very few basketball players lose their eligibility during a season, even though, according to like Singer Jr., New Mexico's associate athletic director in charge of monitoring the players' academic standing, the graduation rate for basketball players is "around 25%."

Recruiting these players is a high-pressure business for a school like New Mexico, whose basketball program earned more than \$1 million last year, enough to cover most of the losses incurred by the university's other teams. Attendance at "The Pit," as the Lobos' arena is called, averaged 16,641 last year, 97% of capacity. Every game is sold out for this season, and more than 3,000 season-ticket orders went unfilled. In addition, 822 reserved standing-room spots are usually sold for each game, this despite the fact that every game, home and away, is televised in Albuquerque.

Norm Ellenberger obviously liked Manny Goldstein's results, if not his style.

Goldstein is paunchy and balding, and he speaks in the brisk Brooklyn used-salesmanese that some outsiders expect from New Yorkers. Goldstein knows the New York ball yards, and high school and juco coaches everywhere. He played at the University of Corpus Christi in Texas and recruited and coached for a year and a half at Pan American. He also worked for Coach Beryl Shipley at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, where the basketball program was all but shut down when the NCAA cited it for more than 100 rules violations in 1973. Goldstein denies having had any part in that fiasco, and when former New Mexico Athletic Director Lavon McDonald checked Goldstein out with the NCAA before he was hired, McDonald was told there would be no problem. Still, Manny Goldstein has that big reputation for being a high-pressure recruiter.

According to New Mexico law-enforcement officials, the revelation of the forged transcript was something of a

fluke. Last spring the New Mexico Strike Force, a team of lawyers and investigators that focuses on certain aspects of organized crime, initiated an investigation into gambling operations in the Albuquerque area and possible links to organized-crime figures. Because one of the suspected operations involved the use of a federal government computer, the FBI participated in the investigation. In September, New Mexico Judge Jack Love ordered several wiretaps on suspected gamblers. One of the taps was on the phone of Lee Farris, a retired gynecologist who is alleged to be a close friend of both Goldstein and Ellenberger and reportedly has been seen visiting Ellenberger in the New Mexico basketball locker room.

On Nov. 19, officers of the Albuquerque Police Department and representatives of the State Attorney General's office raided 13 homes and businesses. Among the items seized in the various raids were betting slips, sports-line sheets, computer printouts, telephone

voice scramblers, phone lists with coded names, a slot machine, \$8,500 in cash, telephone bills and safe-deposit keys. When Albuquerque police and representatives of the Attorney General's office interviewed players, coaches and university officials last Wednesday, most of the questions pertained to gambling.

While the gambling investigation was going on, the FBI was working on another angle, one it had been alerted to on Nov. 17 when Albuquerque police officer Larry Bullard overheard a conversation on Farris' tapped line purportedly between Ellenberger and Goldstein. (APD detective Pat O'Hearn confirmed the voice identifications.) In the conversation, Goldstein told Ellenberger that he had forged a transcript for Gilbert from Mercer County Community College in Trenton, N.J. Goldstein also told Ellenberger that he had arranged through Robert Maruca, the athletic trainer at Oxnard College, to pay \$300 to Dr. John Woolley, dean of admissions at Oxnard. Woolley would then apply the bogus credits to Gilbert's transcript from Oxnard.

FBI agents in Los Angeles said that Woolley suggested "laundering" the transcript, that credits could be applied to Gilbert's record if they came from another college, as long as the transcript appeared to be genuine. Maruca allegedly told Woolley that the reason Mercer County Community College would be used was that Goldstein said he had a college seal from Mercer last Sunday. Woolley said he had never heard of Goldstein "until the FBI agent mentioned his name." He also said, "I've done nothing illegal." As for Maruca, he said, "We did not use good judgment."

According to Ike Singer, who has worked in New Mexico's Athletic Department since 1956, UNM had two transcripts from Craig Gilbert, one from Santa Barbara (Calif.) City Junior College, which Gilbert attended in 1977-78, the other from Oxnard, which he attended in 1978-79. Gilbert's grade-point average was better than 2.0, but he was still some eight hours short of the 48 hours needed to make him eligible. "My understanding from Manny Goldstein was that Gilbert was going to summer school at Oxnard and that the transcript showing the completed eight hours would arrive anytime," says Singer. The extra eight hours had no bearing on Gil-

Continued

Page 5: a star of the Lobos "borrowed" a Cadillac from an Albuquerque showroom for five days.



bert's eligibility for enrollment, only on his eligibility for athletics. In anticipation of athletic eligibility, which Singer believed to be forthcoming, Gilbert was already enrolled on full scholarship. "I periodically asked Manny Goldstein for the summer transcript," says Singer, "and he kept telling me, 'Oh, it's coming.' One time he said that the boy owed some money out there, and they would not release the transcript until it was settled. And that was the last I heard about it until this all blew up. I guess I was naive. I probably shouldn't have been after all these years, but..."

Goldstein thought he had the problem licked, according to the verbatim transcript of the Nov. 17 conversation with Ellenberger:

Goldstein: I got him a degree, an A.A. degree.

Ellenberger: You got him a degree?

Goldstein: Yeah, they're gonna put 16 more hours on the transcript, this is the way they want it.

Ellenberger: Which means he graduated.

Goldstein: Yeah, he graduated... This is what they said they wanted. Manny, this is just to protect everyone and do it. So just don't worry about it. Soon as they get something.

Ellenberger: Soon as they what now?

Goldstein: Soon as they get something. I'm, I've handled it the, they showed me, ah, I spoke to the guy, soon as they get this they get. They're giving the kid a

degree, a A.A. You know... Okay, this was the Dean of Students, this is how he said to do it. He said just get me an envelope from New Jersey with his transcript.

Ellenberger: Uh huh.

Goldstein: And then I'm protected. Then I'm gonna take the credits, put them down as summer work, you know, without mentioning names, just say summer of '79.

Ellenberger: Uh huh.

Goldstein: You know.

Ellenberger: And he'll do that?

Goldstein: Yeah, he's doing that. I mean we got to give him a little money, but he's doing it.

Ellenberger: Yeah.

Goldstein: You know, I bought the guy and that was it.

Ellenberger: Who was that, this Maruca?

Goldstein: No, this is Doctor Woolley, the head guy.

Ellenberger: Uh huh.

Goldstein: He's a, you know, Maruca did the talking. He said, listen, they're good people and you know how much we're talking. You know he gave me a figure and I said, that's agreeable to us. 300 that's all. And as soon as he gets the envelope from New Jersey, you know the post mark from New Jersey.

Ellenberger: Uh huh.

Goldstein: Okay, so I did that. So, I'm leaving for a recruiting trip. I'm gonna be in New Jersey Monday, get an en-

velope, mail it myself. Special Delivery, Air Mail, and it's being shipped out there.

On Nov. 23 the FBI intercepted the forged transcript in a Los Angeles post office. It had been mailed from New Jersey, special delivery. It was embossed with the seal of Mercer County Community College. It was made out for Craig Gilbert and included a non-existent address in Trenton.

On Wednesday, Nov. 28, FBI agents searched Goldstein's office and his home, and their report indicated that they found a Mercer County Community College envelope, a Mercer transcript-request form, a Mercer official embossing seal, telephone message notes with the name of Lee Porter (Oxnard basketball coach), the address of Bob Maruca and a manila folder containing Mercer transcripts for Craig Gilbert and Andre Logan. Logan, a senior co-captain on the New Mexico team, transferred from Mercer in 1978. Because his transcript was found in Goldstein's apartment, university officials at first suspected it may have been doctored, and Logan was kept off the plane to Colorado. But his eligibility was later confirmed, and he joined the team in Boulder for the game Saturday night, which the Lobos lost 86-78.

The NCAA last week was silent on the New Mexico situation. The university has until Feb. 1 to answer the NCAA's charges, but everyone at New Mexico is prepared for the worst. The athletic department had been without a director since McDonald was relieved in October, until last week when John Bridges, the former AD at Florida State, was hired. At his press conference to announce the suspensions of Ellenberger and Goldstein, UNM President Davis said it was "lack of leadership and discipline for the past several years that allowed things to deteriorate so badly." Davis cited a letter sent Nov. 7, 1978 from Mercer registrar Donald Beach to Fred M. Christ Jr., then the New Mexico registrar, saying that Goldstein had asked a number of instructors at Mercer to change grades of a basketball player who might transfer to New Mexico. "McDonald reprimanded Goldstein then," said Davis. "I just learned about the letter this week. Obviously the reprimand had little effect on Manny."

Ellenberger remained out of public view all last weekend. He called Assistant Coach Harrison in Boulder on Friday,

continued



In light of developments, a T shirt purchased in the university bookstore doesn't seem so funny

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with Bacardi rum.

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and between fits of sobbing, he told Harrison that he had had four conversations with Goldstein regarding Goldstein's plan to forge the Gilbert transcript and that in the first three he told Goldstein not to do it. "And the fourth one had to be the one that was taped," said Ellenberger.

Craig Gilbert thus becomes another unfortunate victim of the recruiting industry. Friday night he was held up in his dormitory room, learning of his fate only by reading the papers and watching the television news. "I heard tonight that I'm ineligible for the rest of the year," he said somberly. "I didn't know anything about this until the FBI asked me if I ever went to Mercer College. I told them I never heard of it. I was never out of California in my life before I came to New Mexico." Did he know when he was at Oxnard that he would be short of credits? "I never knew anything about credits," he said. "The school's supposed to take care of that." He admitted that he did not go to class very often, and that when basketball was not in season he barely went at all.

Goldstein first approached Gilbert after an Oxnard game against L.A. Trade-Teck last winter. "At that time I didn't want to go to New Mexico," Gilbert says. "Some friends told me that it was like Vegas [University of Nevada-Las Vegas] and that it was just a matter of time before they would get caught. But in March, I came up here to a game, saw the big crowd and decided I had to come. Yeah, definitely, I wanted that." He says he had no idea that he would be ineligible. But just in case, he says, he enrolled in two summer courses at Compton (Calif.) Community College. No one at New Mexico seemed to know that Gilbert went to Compton. "I took two classes," says Gilbert. "A math class and, uh, I think the other was a sex-education class." Gilbert says that if he loses his eligibility to play basketball at New Mexico he is through with school. He says he will go back home to Santa Barbara and "just find something to do. The classes aren't going to help me that much." Right now he is enrolled in two black-history courses (he's not sure of their names or numbers), Speech Communication, Swimming and Fundamentals of Baseball.

Though Ellenberger was unavailable to discuss the current troubles at UNM, he had given SI an insight into his

philosophy in an interview last June. "I make sure to tell them," he said, "you don't eat basketballs for breakfast. The amount they listen depends on how much fear they have. Fear of not making it, of going back to the streets, of not being a well-rounded person. No matter how much you say that, most of them just don't comprehend anything past the present day. What's a young man going to have when he wakes up and realizes he made a mistake?"

By Saturday, Manny Goldstein was found, shaken and distraught, at his apartment on the east side of town. He said he had told the FBI everything, admitted guilt in the transcript forgery, taken all the blame. But he said that he was led to believe by Oxnard Coach Lee Porter that Gilbert would be eligible. "Porter said he had 48 hours," Goldstein said. "That he would be eligible. Do I feel bad for the kid? Yup. But no matter how badly I feel, who do you think screwed him? You think I screwed him? He did not have 48 hours. I found out [in] November.... Now tell me what I can possibly do to get him eligible? I took a chance. Yup. I did it. Yup. The kid had no future so I stuck my neck out for him. And now it's chopped. Now I suffer. He had nothing to lose. He's not eligible, O.K.? And then he is eligible, O.K.? And now he's not eligible. So what did I do? They have me for changing a transcript or allegedly making one up. Now you tell me how bad a crime I did. I bought a seal. I didn't seal it. I went to a print shop and had it made, and I bought it. To get that stuff? The papers? Let me tell you it can be done at any school. Did I try to hurt the kid? He's not eligible! He had nothing to lose. He's screwed no matter what. I considered everything. This was the last resort. I didn't do anything illegal until I had to. So I'm the worst criminal in the world; I'm worse than Frank Kush [the former Arizona State football coach]. I'm worse than any of them. I'm no martyr. I just did something that I regret."

Soon enough Craig Gilbert will be back in Santa Barbara, "just finding something to do." He has not spoken to Manny Goldstein, but if he does, he says, "I will tell him that people like him belong behind bars. He could have told me what was going on. I could have made the decision for myself. I don't know if he did it for me or if he did it for the school. I'd like to think he did it for me." **END**

Once the uniform of daring parachutists, the one-piece jump suit is now making a lot of soft landings in deep snow. This versatile garment provides for comfort and freedom which is greatly appreciated by skiers who are tired of pulling down tight stretch pants—or using suspenders to hold baggy pants up. Best of all, the one-piece construction means fewer gaps for icy winds and fluffy snow. This year's wind-and-powder suits, as shown on the slopes of Snowbird (Utah) and Jackson Hole (Wyo.), come in a wide variety of fabrics and styles, including lightweight cotton poplin (blended with polyester and nylon) and nylon shells for mild days that can be combined with vest, parka or thermal underwear when the mercury drops. And for those skiers who just can't decide what to put on, there are reversibles—two jump suits for the price of one.—JULE CAMPBELL

SNOW AND EASY

Set to ski Snowbird are (from left): Dave Sorge in Goro-Tex from CB Sports (\$250), Mike Hughes in nylon by Head's Number One Sun (\$114), Dann Coffey and Clifford Lee in mesh-lined suits from Serac (\$145).



CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUTMEIER





Ski instructor Nancy Thorsen (top, left) admires the view from the 11,000-foot mark on Hidden Peak, the highest skiable point at Snowbird, in a peplu-fish-zyon suit from Head (\$196). Also at Snowbird, Julie Holmen (left) leans with the landscape in a starred cap, pink vest with pouch pocket in back (\$73) and nylon suit (\$107)—all from Number One Sun Ski by Head.

David Malcolm Campbell (above) throws some snow as he skis the moguls at Snowbird in the men's version of the Lescau powder suit (\$140). His reversible vest is wool on one side, poplin on the other (\$66). Caber's BioSystem boot (\$176) was designed by orthopedic surgeon/skier Dr. Joel Eidenberg. The Scott racing pole (\$46) has a point-less platform basket.



These unadorned suits from Bogner-America show how skiwear can be simple, beautiful and warm—all at the same time. Lynnee Davis' creamy cotton-blend powder suit (above) has a hairy collar, detachable hood and lots of insulation to keep her toasty (\$360). Nancy shines in a chocolate nylon that is lined with plush acrylic plaid (\$295).





Both Roseanne Shaughnessy (above) and Diane Reebie (right) wear Italian reversibles by Colmar. Roseanne's tricolor poplin suit turns to navy (\$300) and Diane's shiny satin to a navy cotton (\$375).



At Snowbird, U.S. Ski Team member Vicki Fleckenstein (below) reflects on the beauties of the Wasatch Mountains. She wears an airy-light nylon suit with cargo pockets from HCC for Andre Noel (\$195).





Caught in a spring snow shower at Snowbird's Peruvian Outch, Lynn almost whites out in her hooded nylon wind shirt (\$115) and a voluminous—but ultralight—nylon parka quilted at the shoulders with Dacron Holofil (\$230). Not shown are matching quilted gaiters (\$60). All garments from HCC America for Andre Noel.

This comely threesome, top to bottom, Vicki, Nancy and Claudia Hamada-Mueller, keeps cool in Head's warm-weather skiwear—colorful nylon-shell pullovers (\$65) that can be worn under or over unlined nylon overalls (\$78). The pants legs have pockets and can be rolled up and fastened to catch the early spring rays.





Julie (above) heads for the hills in Roffe's cotton-blend suit (\$200) with a Smiley hat and neckerchief from Karen Dahlgard of Demetra. Above right, The Line's gaiters (\$48) match unlined suits and parkas. Leonard of Paris says it with flowers; a bouquet of accessories accompanies Diane's suit (\$750) and vest (\$360).





Herman (Jackrabbit) Smith-Johannsen began skiing 102 years ago—and he's still going strong.



Jackrabbit in 1919 with his wife Alice, his son Bob, and daughter Peggy

Here he is, sitting by his blazing fireplace, the man many credit with bringing skiing as a sport to the North American continent. He looks the part of skiing's great grandfather, all right, spare and handy, his blue eyes bright as a clear winter sky, his thin hair snowy, his seamed cheeks ruddy in the firelight. He lights his pipe and gestures briskly. "I can't take credit for being the first man to bring skis to America. I'm not even the first Norwegian! Good God, man, Snowshoe

Thompson came here from Norway on a sailing ship in 1837! He was using skis to bring the mail across the Rockies in 1856! I never even got here until 1899! I was one of the fellows who introduced skiing for fun, no doubt. But I can't take credit for the whole business."

He pauses, puffs out pipe smoke, squints at the fire, then says sharply, "I don't know as I'd want to take credit for all of what's happened anyway! Skiing's gotten to be a money-making racket. Nothing but high-priced equipment, pretty clothes, lazy people. No one ever climbs a hill on skis anymore. They ride up. Same with cross-country skiing. These little bitty narrow skis, why you can't ski anywhere unless someone's already made a trail for you! Nobody knows how to bushwhack anymore!"

He is nicknamed "Jackrabbit," and his moves and gestures have a kind of stringy-tough, rabbit energy. Yet this old man is older than many of the world's monuments—older than the Lincoln Memorial, the Statue of Liberty, the Eiffel Tower. He is older than the telephone, the phonograph,

the linotype. He is two or three times older than many of the trees he skis through in the woods behind his house. He is older than the steam turbine, the modern bicycle and Edison's electric light. Herman (Jackrabbit) Smith-Johannsen, born in Norway, a naturalized Canadian citizen and now resident of the Laurentian mountain hamlet of Piedmont in Quebec, turned 104 last June 15. Whatever his claim to skiing fame, this in itself makes him a phenomenon.

According to Statistics Canada, the current life expectancy for Canadian males is 70.19 years and the probability of someone living to 104 is .00013%. If you consider that Canadians live longer than the vast majority of the world's population, it becomes obvious that Smith-Johannsen has survived to an age that very few mortals will achieve. And, given his vigor at 104, he is realistically within reach of the all-time authenticated record—113 years, 214 days—set by Delina Ecker Filkins of Herkimer County, N.Y., who died in 1928. Whether he breaks this record or not, he must surely be the world's oldest athlete. For he does still practice his sport.

At his small house in the Quebec woods, a pair of ski poles sits outside the front door—another pair wants out back, as if ready to go when Smith-Johannsen feels the urge. He admits that he feels it less often now, but when he does, the old man puts down his pipe, rises with no trouble from his chair and moves with a kind of slow-motion lope from the fireplace. He dons a parka, grabs his skis and steps out into the snow. Bending with a certain stiffness, he clamps

continued

THE OLD MAN AND THE SKI

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

on his ski bindings, wraps the pole straps around his bony wrists, then glides toward the woods with a long and pretty skiing stride that reveals only a touch of rust in its fluidity.

Jackrabbit might ski a mile but probably not that far, for his stability is failing just a bit. He speaks in a strong, high voice that still rings with some of the bombast and confidence of the traveling salesman he once was. "Skiing is safer than walking for me," he says. "But I am scared sometimes, I have to admit that. I fall more than I used to, and now, when I fall, I almost always break something."

As Jackrabbit recalls it, he began skiing 102 years ago this winter. "I was two and I remember it well. I had skis strapped on my feet, but they weren't real skis, they were barrel staves. And I tried to walk on them but of course I fell in the snow. Then, I got up by myself and tried again. Getting up by myself was the big lesson that day."

This first glimmer of a memory comes from the woods of Norway north of Oslo where he was born in 1875, the son of a *kommandør-kaptein* in the Norwegian navy named Fritz Anton Moritz Smith-Johannsen. The little boy, Herman, was the first of nine Smith-Johannsen children. Two others are still alive, one 89, the other 92. The good

kommandør-kaptein died of an accident in his seventies; his wife lived till 85. Plainly, there are genes at work here that make Jackrabbit's presence among the living something more than a miracle. Yet he himself likes to credit a lion's share of his longevity to the rugged games of barrel-stave skiing and bushwhacking that the Smith-Johannsens enjoyed in rural Norway.

He stabs an elbow in his visitor's side and chuckles. "My opinion is that people don't get enough of the wilderness when they are young. I had a great advantage living in the Norwegian bush. I don't mean to minimize the value of modern sports—football and baseball and hockey. They are fine to keep young fellows in shape who can't get into the bush. But when these fellows get to be 30 or 40 years old, they can't attend to those sports. So they quit and grow big pot bellies and move to Florida where it is warm and where they become no good to the rest of the world at all. If they had had a childhood in the snowy woods, if they had had the good fortune to grow up as I did, they would also know a way that might let them carry on until they are 100."

When Smith-Johannsen unreeled this type of preachment/opinion, he manages to speak with humor continued



There was only a touch of rust in Jackrabbit's stride as he glided through the snow back in 1975



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and enthusiasm, emphasizing points with knobby-fisted punches against his listener's shoulder. He laughs easily and smiles often, showing teeth that are his own. Thus, though he is plainly an evangelist when it comes to the life of the outdoors, he does not come on with the air of sanctimonious self-congratulation that many clean-living advocates display.

This lack of self-aggrandizement is impressive, for over the years Jackrabbit has been lionized—almost deified—as the Moses-Methuselah of winter sports. And, in truth, he deserves most of these laurels, for few did as much to propagate skiing in the first 30 years of the 20th century as Jackrabbit Smith-Johannsen. Around 1900 he introduced skis to the Cree Indians in northern Canada, a few years later he amazed people in the Midwest with the wonders of using two wooden slars on snow; in 1928 he laid out the first downhill slalom course in Canada.

In the early 1930s, he laid out the famed 90-mile Maple Leaf Trail for cross-country skiing in the Laurentians. He set up the network of trails on Mont Tremblant, one of the continent's oldest and most distinguished ski areas. He also laid out early trails at Stowe, Vt., and when designs for ski trails on Whiteface Mountain near Lake Placid were disclosed in the mid-forties, Jackrabbit was called in to "put them right."

"The fellows lying out the mountain were ski instructors," he says. "What did they know? I had climbed that mountain, straight up on skis, dozens of times, hundreds of times. I knew Whiteface and I got those fellows up at the 4,000-foot level and I told them, 'Here's where trails ought to be.' They didn't know the lay of the land, but I got them headed right." For the 1980 Olympics, Jackrabbit's headings on Whiteface have been transformed into some of the premier Alpine race courses in the world.

But most of this didn't occur until well along into the second 50 years of Smith-Johannsen's life. His other career began when he left home. "No Norwegian leaves Norway because he doesn't like Norway," Jackrabbit says. "He leaves because he has a desire to see the rest of the world. I had graduated from a military academy in Oslo in 1894, then I went to the best engineering school in Europe—the University of Berlin. There I met the head man of a heavy-machinery company in Cleveland, Ohio. He offered me a job and I went to America—always planning, of course, to go home and live in Norway someday."

He never did. In the U.S., he became, of all things, a crackenjack salesman of heavy machinery. Yes, this symbol of the simple life and wilderness purity was once a hustling, ambitious member of the business community—and not just the branch of commerce that dealt with commodities or retail trade, but that environment-busting area which existed for the purpose of changing the face of the nation, of laying railroad tracks across the wilderness, of leveling vast tracts of trees, of damming ancient rivers for electric power.

Jackrabbit grins wryly as he recalls his former ways. "When I got to the United States in 1899, American technology was in its most ruthless days," he says. "We thought we could run the railroad through anywhere we wanted and if it ruined the land, we thought it didn't matter; the land would take care of itself. We dug nickel mines that left sulfur all around and ruined the country. We cut down the trees without noticing the wasteland we left behind. In-



In 1956 Alice caught up with Jackrabbit on a ski trail

dusty developed this country, no question about that. But business did anything, just so it could make money. I did, too. I wanted to get orders, to *sell*. There was no thought to what we were ruining, no thought about what we were leaving for future generations."

He worked for the Cleveland firm for eight years. It was during this time that, while sking through a local park, he met Alice Robinson. They were married in 1907, the same year that Jackrabbit decided to go into business for himself. From the start, Jackrabbit created an unusual partnership between heavy-machinery salesmanship and his own sense of adventure. "I am a man who must see the other side of everything," he says, "of mountains, of oceans, of life! So I decided to combine my desire for excitement with my desire to make sales. I asked for the hardest territory to do my selling. In this way, I not only got myself into places full of adventure, but I also was in territories where there wasn't so much sales competition."

He traveled to some grim places, including New Orleans and Panama during yellow-fever epidemics. He *continued*

lived in Cuba for four years—suffering “horribly” because he could not ski. He knows eight languages—Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, English, German, Spanish, French and Cree. In any one of them Smith-Johannsen was a heck of a salesman. He recalls one visit he made to a sugar-cane plantation in the West Indies. “I had been there the year before and sold the owner a hoisting machine. He said he was eager to buy another one and I asked him, ‘What did you do with the one I sold you last year?’ The man waved his arm toward a field and there was the machine I’d sold him—still in its box. He never even unpacked it. I said, ‘Why do you want another one?’ You haven’t even opened it up yet.” He said, “You are a good fellow, Herman. And I always like to give an order to a good fellow who talks as well as you do.”

At one point, Jackrabbit sold machinery in the north woods—the epitome of high adventure and low competition. He would head into the Canadian bush with a dog pulling his supplies on a sled while he charged along on skis. “I lived in the bush for weeks at a time then,” he says. “I loved the combination of making money and enjoying adventure at the same time. I couldn’t believe my good luck. I

friends with whom he played long, wild games of hare and hound on skis. After he played the hare a few times with the Cree, they were so impressed that they promoted him to *Okanamuc-Wapoon*—“Chief Jackrabbit.”

Chief Jackrabbit was a heavy-machinery salesman first and a fun-loving skier second—until 1930. That year he went broke. At the relatively ripe age of 55, Herman Smith-Johannsen went through a reincarnation. “It was a fine experience to make a lot of money,” he says. “Then I lost it all and that was a fine experience, too. I ended up making something more than I had ever had before. What could I do? I had to feed my family. I had to live off the land. I hunted and fished for food. There was always a deer or a moose hanging in the woodshed.”

These were the years when he was creating his celebrated cross-country ski trails in Quebec. “I would hack out the trails, then haul the wood home for the stove. I was succeeding in spite of my business failure. I got so I liked the Depression—it gave me a wonderful new style of life!”

As time passed he became a revered character—more revered in almost geometric progression to the amount of time that passed. Thirty years ago he was perceived to be a geriatric skiing marvel, an old man still quite able to zip through the woods on two long slats. He steadily progressed from being the Old Man of Skiing to being the Old, Older, Oldest Man of Skiing. To his credit, Jackrabbit has not taken it all that seriously. While in his 70s and 80s, he would once a year attend a banquet and prove his agility by standing on his head or walking on his hands. He thought all the fuss about his age was silly, and he once confided to his old friend and physician, Dr. Gordon Cassidy, “Why do they make such a thing over me? They think I’m some kind of superman, but you know I’m not and I know I’m not. I can ski 20 miles a day all right, I can still do that. But, doctor, I am completely tired out when it is over.”

That was in his late 80s. He is completely tired after a mile or so nowadays. “My legs are going and my eyesight is going and my hearing is going,” says Jackrabbit. “But I still don’t feel old. Not old. That’s my trouble, I still feel like a young man, but I can’t do what a young man does.”

Yet he does what very few old men can do. But how? As he skis through the woods, Jackrabbit is asked (it cannot be avoided) his secret for reaching such a vigorous old age.

Is it religion? “I’ve never overdone the church thing. The best church is as far from civilization as you can get.”

Is it nutrition? “I doubt it. I cook for myself. I make stew. Either carrots and potatoes and meat, or meat and carrots and potatoes, or potatoes and meat and carrots—depending on which I’ve got most of.”

Is it abstinence? “No! The trouble with most people is they either drink way too much or they don’t drink anything at all. These are both extremes which I don’t hold with. I drink vodka, Scotch, beer and wine.”

He skis off with a swiftness that is alarming in a man so old. Perhaps these silly questions have irritated him. But then he slows his stride, stops and turns back to say almost sheepishly, “I can’t tell you why I have lived to be so old. All I know is that I am grateful for it. I am a lucky man and, whatever the reason for it, I am very grateful to have had the life I’ve had.”



At 86, Jackrabbit was still paddling his own canoe on a camping trip

had the woods practically to myself. Nobody wanted to go to Canada. Americans had funny ideas about Canada. They thought it was full of bears walking in the streets.”

It was during these halcyon days that he became involved with the Cree. The Canadian railroad was pushing farther toward the Arctic, up toward North Bay and the coal and silver mines. “When I first got up into that country, the Indians were using snowshoes, while I had skis. They had never seen such crazy things. I would travel with the trappers over the traplines. I tried to convince the trappers that it was better to travel quicker between the traps on skis. Finally a few of them tried it. Twenty years later I went back and they were all on skis.”

Jackrabbit learned to speak Cree and became a convert to the Indian cause. “When I first started selling, I was told the Indians were stupid, that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. That was what many people believed in those days. I suppose I believed it, too, until I got to know the Indians. Then I became a believer exactly the other way. No one has been as badly treated as the Indians. No one!”

The nickname “Jackrabbit” was first given to him by



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Led by 14 native Minnesotans and a coach borrowed from the Golden Gophers, the well-subsidized 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team has been beating up on the pros while practicing for Lake Placid by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

OF GOLD AND GOPHERS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHMIDTKE/ST

They are a boyish-looking bunch, clean-featured and open and given to a little horseplay. And why not? They are members of the youngest Olympic hockey team ever assembled by the U.S.—and almost certainly by anyone else. Yet, more than two months before the Lake Placid Games, they already appear to be more promising than any U.S. Olympic team since the bunch that won a gold medal in 1960, this country's first and last in hockey.

What is perhaps most impressive about this team is that though its players are fresh out of college and still wet behind the ears, it constitutes the best team in the Central Hockey League—by far the best. For those who don't understand the full significance of that, the CHL is a bona fide rugged, hard-checking league of professional teams, a Class AAA proving ground for the NHL.

As of last week, the 1980 U.S. Olympic team had a 6-1 record after a series of real-life games against the CHL's finest. All this is unprecedented in the annals of North American "amateur" hockey, but playing against pros and living like pros and being paid like pros (up to a point, anyway) is about the only way that any U.S. team will ever be able to compete in the putently un-amateur game played by the nonpareil businessmen-Olympians of the Soviet Union, to say nothing of the career hockey players of Czechoslovakia and the highly subsidized Swedes.

The new U.S. style and substance in Olympic hockey are essentially the brainchild and creation of Coach Herbert Paul Brooks, 42, a cool, controlled sports administrator who is more technocrat than

continued

Rob McClanahan was sandwiched by teammates after scoring a goal against Canada's Olympians





Coach Brooks isn't buddy-buddy with his team

evangelist or father figure, a man who has been known to inform his teams, "You're hockey players, and I don't make it a habit to pal around with hockey players." As one Olympian puts it, "Coach Brooks is the field marshal, we are the troops, and we don't treat each other as friends."

Brooks has the credentials for the job: he played on two Olympic teams (1964 and 1968), as well as on five world-tournament clubs, and he has coached at the University of Minnesota, his alma mater, for seven years, starting with a mediocre 1972-73 season (15-16-3), then building and building until his record was 175-100-20 at the end of last season and included three NCAA championships, the most recent being in 1979.

Brooks' initial problem in recruiting players for the 1980 Olympic team was a perennial American dilemma: how to keep the best collegians from skipping the Games to turn pro. Says Brooks, "Unlike the Europeans, whose personnel return year after year, there is no continuity in U.S. teams. Once the Olympics are over—bang!—the best kids turn pro. That's something we'll probably never change. Obviously, the intangible rewards and glory of the Olympics aren't

quite enough for some of them. There had to be something more practical."

To inject some factors of practical value into the Olympic equation, Brooks arranged the unprecedented 18-game schedule against CHL teams. In the past, U.S. Olympic teams played a long but soft schedule, mainly against college teams, with some international games thrown in. It was a baby-food diet, and once the U.S. teams tried to digest the nail-eating brand of hockey practiced by the Soviets and the Czechs, they usually found themselves at a loss—after loss after loss. Beyond that, in the steely eyes of the pro clubs, these young hopefuls in effect lost a year of hard and necessary hockey progress, because they were rarely tested beyond the schoolboy levels of the game they had already mastered in college.

But now, given Brooks' idea of pitting the Olympians against the pro-caliber game, even the most pragmatic club manager, as well as the most opportunistic agent, could see that there was much practical experience to be gained from being an Olympian. Perhaps the most important ingredient in Brooks' scheme was his arrangement with CHL President Bud Poile that all CHL games against the Olympians counted in the league standings. "That way, the pros would be doing their best and not dogging it through just another exhibition game," says Brooks. "And I thought that we'd be doing very well to play .500 against them with that proviso. I'm very impressed with what we've done."

Of course, the Olympians aren't actually in the league themselves, but they have played hard—first to prove that, as underdogs, they could at least compete on an even basis, and now to keep up their reputation as overdogs in the CHL. Besides the CHL games, the Olympians played a 10-game tour in Europe in September (where they were 7-2-1). They also have an ongoing series with the Canadian Olympic team (the U.S. is 2-4 to date) and U.S. colleges (5-0). Early in the fall they played four exhibitions with NHL clubs, and lost them all. They are to play a total of 63 games before Lake Placid, and as of last Sunday, they had an overall record of 22-11-1, having won 15 of the last 20.

The bulk of the 26-man team is, not surprisingly, from Brooks' own Minnesota clubs. There are 10 Gophers in all, yet Brooks insists that the squad by no means reflects just his own personal de-

sires, but rather the democratic opinion of a nine-man advisory selection committee that included some of the country's sharpest hockey men, like Bob Johnson, University of Wisconsin and 1976 Olympic coach, Bill Cleary of Harvard, Jeff Sauer of Colorado College and Jack Parker of Boston University. Says Brooks, "I didn't want an I-me-myself operation here; I wanted help. I wanted to get rid of politics and regionalism and have a committee make the choices."

As the first step in selecting the team, Brooks sent letters to every coach of NCAA Division I and II schools and got back a list of 400 possible prospects. This crowd was pared down to 68 players who performed in a four-team tournament at the U.S. Olympic Committee's Sports Festival in Colorado Springs last summer. Brooks and his nine-man committee culled through the prospects and came up with 26 players—a roster that will be cut to 20 when the first Olympic game is played on Feb. 12. Despite the plethora of Minnesota players, Brooks says, "We all agreed on 90% of the choices."

The team is funded with a \$700,000 budget: \$150,000 from USOC funds, \$200,000 from private contributions and \$350,000 from gate receipts. Under the International Olympic Committee's increasingly liberal attitude toward pay-for-play Olympians, the team members are paid generous living expenses—\$7,200 per man over a six-month span with the team. Mark Johnson, 22, the leading scorer and the son of the Wisconsin coach, says, "Well, you can't run out and buy a car or big stereo set, but you don't have to scrounge around for beer money like you did in college, either. You can get a nice sport coat or take a girl out to a good dinner without worrying about going broke. But no one feels exactly rich."

Most of the players could be doing better financially if they had become true professionals. Walter Bush, vice-president of the Minnesota North Stars and for two decades a leader and adviser to Olympic hockey teams, says, "This team is the best, man for man, that we've had in 20 years, but they are making a sacrifice to do it. Any one of the better drafted players would be making \$15,000 for the season with a minor league pro club. And if any of them went right up to an NHL team, the pay would be between \$60,000 and \$80,000, not counting a signing bonus."

continued



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Perhaps the best pro prospect on the Olympic roster is hulking (6'3", 190 pounds) Defense-man Mike Ramsey, a calm, blond 19-year-old who graduated as an honor student from Minneapolis' Roosevelt High School in 1978 and played last season for Brooks, N.A.A.—champion Gophers. Ramsey was drafted No. 1 by Buffalo last spring—the first American ever to be a first-round choice in the NHL draft. Sabre Coach and General Manager Scotty Bowman has said that he expects Ramsey to be the cornerstone of Buffalo's defense in the '80s. Several other Brooks-coached Minnesotans have gone high in NHL drafts, too. Center Neal Broten, 20—whom Brooks picked over Ramsey! as "the best freshman ever to play at Minnesota"—was the North Stars' No. 2 choice in '79. Center Steve Christoff, 21, was the North Stars' second pick in '78. Defense-man Bill Baker, 23, was Montreal's No. 3 in '76, and Wing Rob McClanahan, 21, was Buffalo's No. 3 in '78.

Despite the crowd of Gophers, the team's leading scorer is a Minnesotan who played for Wisconsin—Johnson, a No. 3 Pittsburgh draftee in 1977. One expert says "Mark was the best college player in the country last year. If hockey had a Hershey Trophy, he would have won it." Brooks doesn't disagree, saying,

"When Mark Johnson goes, we really go." A quick skater and clever stickhandler, Johnson has 21 goals and 32 assists for the Olympic team, with Christoff runner-up with 21 and 14. The player with the most glittering Olympic heritage is Dave Christian, 20, of North Dakota University, Winnipeg's No. 2 choice in 1979. He is the son of Bill Christian, the co-inventor of a hockey-stick manufacturing firm but far better known as the Olympian who slapped the goal that beat the Soviets 3-2 for the 1960 gold medal in Squaw Valley. Two of Dave Christian's uncles have also played on U.S. Olympic teams.

However well the '80 team may skate and score, the ultimate fate of the U.S. Olympians will probably rest on the shoulders of the goalie, Jim Craig, 22, of Boston University. Historically, when an American team has done well in an Olympics, it has been buoyed by a heroic performance by its goalkeeper—remember Jack McCartan in '60? As of last week, Craig, a fourth-round Atlanta pick in 1976, boasted a stunning 15-4 record with the Olympians, and a 2-12 goal-

continued

Goalkeeper Jim Craig, a New Englander, and Center Mark Johnson, a Minnesotan who played at the University of Wisconsin, both passed up lucrative pro contracts to play for their country in the Games. Craig has a 15-4 record with a 2.12 goals-against average. Johnson leads the scorers with 23 goals.



against average. He will have to be equally impressive at Lake Placid for the U.S. team to excel.

International hockey is a more intricate and wider ranging game than so-called "North American" hockey. It is played on a far larger rink and thus demands better skating and passing skills, and somewhat less roughness. Because of this, Brooks has insisted what he calls a "more positive" approach that incorporates "the best of European and the best of North American style of play." Brooks is trying to de-emphasize the brute checking and fire-away-and-hope shooting that NHL teams tend to favor. "We are trying to emphasize puck possession," he says, "preaching that we do best only if we control the puck. We emphasize lots of passing to keep possession, a conservative kind of game instead of the all-out aggressive attack—the dump-the-puck-up-the-ice approach of the North American pro leagues. We try for high-quality shots that we have worked to get for ourselves, instead of

waiting for and working off what we hope will be the other guy's mistakes. We have three or four set patterns, but beyond that it is all improvisation, an intuitive process that you might call controlled innovation. International hockey is a more subjective game, and it requires good skaters and good thinkers. Overall, it accelerates people's skills, makes them better stickhandlers and calls for a much more subtle physical game. I think it combines the best of both worlds."

Besides installing a demanding new system of play, Brooks has also had to deal with the fact that any U.S. Olympic team is, by definition, an aggregation of would-be prima donnas. "Everyone has been No. 1 on his own team, and now he has to learn to mesh with a whole rink full of other No. 1s," says Brooks. To help instill a sense of teamwork and togetherness, he has introduced slogans intended to encourage selflessness. Such as: "The way you move the puck is an expression of yourself within a framework of friends." Or: "Passes come from the

heart, not the stick." Hokey? Yes. Nevertheless, Brooks feels that inspirational appeals have limited value these days. "Mom and America and apple pie are nice to talk about," he says. "But that isn't what motivates these kids. They want to win for its own sake, and they are also building their own esprit, their own pride in the team."

Logistically, the life the Olympians lead is in almost every sense—including the paycheck—that of true professionals. They have been on killing road trips—five games in five cities in seven days. They get up in the morning and go to work for the U.S. Olympic team. Yet there is also an intangible buoyancy to their hockey lives, something that is both collegiate and patriotic, a spirit that seems to lift them beyond mere hockey-playing workmen. As Craig says, "We have it both ways now: we do the job as if we are pros—going to work every day, putting in long hours, having no other real responsibility but hockey. But we also have that 'up' feeling, that esprit of

continued

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being the Olympic team for this whole country. We generate our own rah-rah and our own special sense of pride that I can't imagine real pros ever feel."

Indeed, the only talk of "sacrifice" seems to come from outsiders. Ramsey says of his decision to play in the Olympics instead of the NHL, "This is the opportunity of a lifetime. I don't feel I'm sacrificing anything. You can only play in an Olympics once. I knew I'd do this even before I was drafted. Then when I was drafted so high, I never doubted my decision for a minute. Nothing can compare to the rewards you get in an Olympics."

Tangible Olympic rewards for Americans have been rather mixed over the years. All in all, the teams haven't done badly, winning one bronze medal (1936), six silvers (1920, '24, '32, '52, '56 and '72) and that amazing gold in 1960.

And what of 1980? If the U.S. gets to the four-team finals, the gold medal is not an impossibility. Lake Placid is home territory, and presumably the crowd will be highly partisan. A sampling of just how effective high-spirited cheering can be was displayed at Lake Placid on the night of Oct. 7. The occasion was the fourth of the four exhibition games against NHL teams; the opponent was the Washington Capitals. The Olympians quickly fell behind 3-0. But the crowd kept roaring encouragement and the Olympians rose to the occasion. Through the second and third periods the U.S. kids came on stronger and stronger, using the large rink to outskate and outpace the Capitals, until, finally, they led 4-3 in the third period. The Capitals tied the score, but the Olympians were so inspired that they held them until the last 34 seconds, when the pros scored the winning goal.

The game was like a tonic to the team. The players felt revitalized by the enthusiasm of their fans. "They made us do what we never believed we could do," says McClanahan. "We actually dominated play for two periods—that's impossible against an NHL team."

Could it happen again in February? As the NHL well knows, there is no better hockey team on earth than the one the Soviets will send to Lake Placid. So the odds, of course, are against a second gold medal. As Brooks says, "If we play the Russians, it will be strictly a David and Goliath situation."

But, hey, remember who won that one.

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St. John's University, otherwise known in the box scores as St. John's, parenthesis, N.Y., parenthesis, has long been an anomaly in college basketball: the plian team in the glamour town, a heavyweight tradition with a lightweight rep. Geographically, St. John's of N.Y. in truth is St. John's of Queens, which is altogether different. Historically, the Redmen have won more games than all but three schools, have a higher winning percentage than all but two and have played in more postseason tournaments than anyone. Still, this season is the first time, according to Coach Lou Carnesecca, that "our butts are hanging in Macy's window."

Translated from the Italian or the Manhattanese, or whatever, this means that grand things are expected of the Redmen—and they had better produce, beginning with last week's home-court season-opening Joe Lapchick Memorial tournament.

Carnesecca is a twinkling, ebullient sort—"our *pasano* leprechaun," the St. John's people call him—whose 232 victories in 11 seasons are testimony to his coaching skill. Yet his eternal expressions of pessimism concerning the fortunes of his team annually impede the Redmen's progress in the rankings, if not on the court.

With all five starters returning from a team that jelled in the second half of last season, won 21 games and came within a missed open jump shot—followed by misses of two desperation shots—of beating Penn and advancing to the NCAA final four, there was reason to believe that this winter Carnesecca would field another in his long line of nice, polite, smart, well-drilled, dull outfits. Then last Friday night crafty Looie unveiled two brand-new, high-profile weapons, and the reverberations could be heard all the way out to the teeming expressways by Alumni Hall.

During the introductions for the first game of the tournament, St. John's vs. Oral Roberts, the Redmen's 6'4" junior, Curtis Redding, came roaring off the bench with his arms spread and his



Even old pessimist Carnesecca can't grope

New look for a wallflower

In winning, St. John's not only is good (normal) but also exciting (unheard of)

fists clenched. A Brooklyn kid who had played his first two varsity seasons for Kansas State and then transferred, Redding was telling the world he had come home. Then lefthander David Russell, an angular 6'6" freshman from Bellport on Long Island, where a nearly shaved head must be all the rage, entered the game with seven minutes gone, scored two tip-ins, blocked a shot and unloaded a savage dunk, making everybody but the visitors ecstatic that he had stayed home.

With Russell and Redding scoring 26 points and controlling 16 rebounds between them, St. John's went on to defeat Oral Roberts 90-78. They did so without their leader, Reggie Carter, who was sitting out a one-game suspension imposed by the NCAA for playing in a non sanctioned playground game last summer.

"Even without Carter, St. John's doesn't have any glaring weakness," said Oral Roberts Coach Ken Hayes. "This Russell is awesome. I don't know where he came from on the dunks. They may have to invent a new foul: in air too long."

Too long is the time New Yorkers have had to wait for a team such as this edition of the Redmen, a tribe of good home-grown players. In the past such lads usually up and hightailed it to bigtime schools far away. Three of these Redmen did, too, but they've all come home to roost. Carter played a season at Hawaii. He came back. Bernard Rencher, the other starting guard, played a season at Notre Dame. He came back. Redding, a backcourt sub at least for the moment, spent two seasons in Kansas' Manhattan, scoring more than 1,000 points, making the all-Big Eight team, leading cheers and engaging in fights, getting hot dogs showered on him at away games. He came back, too, talking a blue streak.

"The reputation can work for me or against me, but I'm starting over," says Redding. "I'm here to prove it's all true. Coming off the bench? Hnnnnnn. Now that bothers me. But the coach says I'll

continued

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play a lot anyway. So I figure we'll make the final four."

Braun outbursts are not the norm at St. John's, but for Redding an eccentric obviously has been made. "Curtis is a basketball junkie, a fanatic," says Assistant Coach Carmine Calzone. "Remember he sat out a whole year. What anxiety! This week he's been like a Casanova who hasn't made love in a year." (This particular simile was weakened considerably the day before Thanksgiving when Desiree Redding gave birth to a baby daughter.)

Carter, who, like Redding, married a local lady upon returning to the Big Apple, says, "For lots of high school guys who have lived in New York all their lives, getting out is the dream. Only by going away do they appreciate what they left. It took Hawaii to make me realize the East Coast existed in college basketball."

The starting St. John's frontcourt, intact from last year, is also solid New York; this threesome simply never wanted to be anything else but: Ron Plair, 6' 4", from East Elmhurst, and Frank Gilroy, 6' 5", of Whitestone at the forwards; Wayne McKoy, 6' 8", from Bay-side and Carter's teammate at Lutheran High, at center. Which points up the fact that St. John's does have a weakness, a lack of size up front.

Nevertheless, against Oral Roberts, Plair knifed into the lane for 11 points in the first half, while McKoy scored 16 with jumpers, hooks and jump-hooks. Early in the second half, McKoy, as is his wont, began fouling. Carnesecca sat him down with four personals, but upon returning to the lineup with 4:50 to go, it took McKoy only 13 seconds to commit his fifth, and foul out for the 14th time in his career.

"His fouls are like arthritis," said Carnesecca. "I have to live with the pain, but thank God I'm getting used to it."

And thank somebody for Russell, who replaced McKoy and merely dominated the backboards. "Playing the pivot I thought I'd foul out, too," he said, "but it was just like a high school game."

In the tournament final the following night who should be waiting for St. John's but defending NCAA champion Michigan State. In the first round, the Spartans hadn't seemed to need the departed Magic Johnson and Greg Kelsey in beating Princeton 60-46, mainly because the always-disciplined Tigers, after

leading 42-35 while playing like Bill Bradley's, suddenly came up dry and scored only one basket in the last seven minutes while turning into Mr. Bills.

The Spartans came to New York eager to prove they are more than just a second-division Big Ten club, which is where they have been picked to finish. Yet Jay Vincent, Terry Donnelly, et al., admitted the road down might be short. "It seems strange to be playing without Greg out there dunkin' and Magic flashin' and the crowd gettin' off," said Vincent. "What we'll all miss is the enthusiasm," said Donnelly. "Even if you were having a bad game, Magic could bring you out of it."

In that respect, Donnelly—the same little guy who shot 5 for 5 and scored 15 points in the 1979 championship finals—desperately needed Magic last weekend when he took the collar, shooting 0 for 9 in two games.

The erratic play of the Spartan guards—Kevin Smith, a transfer from Detroit who is Johnson's replacement, is shaky in a structured game—left it up to Vincent to carry the Spartans practically by himself. This isn't an impossibility considering the 6' 8" Vincent's 240 pounds, but the huge center is still bothered by the stress fracture in his right foot he suffered just before last year's NCAAAs, and his preseason practice was limited to barely six days.

With his slicked-back haircut and barrel tummy, Vincent looks like a side-man for Dizzy Gillespie, but he is one tough customer when his team is in trouble. "A Wesley Unseld with a shooting touch," Carnesecca called him.

"Jay's in deceptively terrible shape," Spartan Coach Bud Heathcote said. "He could weigh 300 pounds and still be quick enough to beat you."

Well, Vincent did beat Princeton with 23 points, and against St. John's he kept beating McKoy until Carnesecca was so concerned his center would foul out again he switched the skinny, shorter Plair onto Vincent. More beating up.

In the first half, Vincent, who had 20 points for the night, made seven baskets and singlehandedly kept the Spartans close. Carter, meanwhile, had returned to the Redmen with a bang, knocking down his first four shots and scoring 14 points by halftime.

St. John's figured out Michigan State's bewildering matchup zone better in the second half and raced to a 12-point

lead, after which Redding and Russell were shuttled in and out of the lineup. Still, Vincent kept curling his enormous frame around defenders for soft one-handers off the glass. He scored four baskets to cut St. John's margin to 58-55 with 10 minutes left. Three more times the Redmen pulled away, and three more times Vincent scored to reduce the deficit to three.

But he couldn't do it forever. After St. John's had edged ahead 68-61 with 4:56 remaining, Vincent again started his move into the key, but this time Carter sneaked up from the blind side and stole the ball. Lunging after Carter, Vincent fouled him. Carter converted both free throws, and St. John's never looked back from there, winning 88-73.

That wrapped up quite a weekend for the Redmen. They had shot 70 for 120—58%—in the two games, had beaten two name opponents and had discovered an explosive new R 'n' R factor, namely Redding and Russell. Heathcote said the Redmen are legit, that they are as good as the best teams in the Big Ten, that they deserve to be ranked in the national Top Ten.

"I'm really proud to beat the champions," said Carnesecca. "But it's only the second game. I'm not taking my hat off to anybody. You understand? I take my hat off, the sun might get me."

Which was just another Looieism, meaning that St. John's had to play Tennessee next on the road, and that the Redmen's rear ends were now hanging in the window of Gimbel's as well as Macy's.

THE WEEK

(Nov. 26-Dec. 3)
by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST Up went the ball to start the new season; down came a parcel of teams that had been highly ranked in preseason polls. Utah's two powerhouses—Weber State and Brigham Young—both had their press clippings clipped. The Wildcats were 91-84 losers to Utah State, and the Cougars were jarred by Illinois 86-76 as Mark Smith scored 20 points and Rob Judson 18 during a game in which there were 18 ties and 25 lead changes. Both upset victims won the next day, Weber State beating Utah 91-79 and BYU defeating Baylor 100-53. Danny Ainge of the Cougars, who had 19 points in the opener, scored 20 against the Bears.

continued

Nevada-Las Vegas didn't get a chance to atone for its opening-night setback, a 77-75 shocker by Pan American. The Broncos led by nine points in the first half, but needed Donald Knight's jumper with two seconds left to win. Pan Am's Kenneth (Apple) Green had 24 points and 12 rebounds, while Richard Box of the Rebels had one more of each.

In last year's tournament in Anchorage, Alaska, Indiana was jolted twice. This time it was Texas A&M that suffered double damage in the Great Alaska Shootout, dropping a 78-62 decision to Iowa in the first round and a 61-60 squeaker to Lamar, Iowa, which also beat Long Beach State 85-75, advanced to the finals against Kentucky, which defeated Bradley 79-58 and Alaska-Anchorage 97-68. The Gaels' upset of A&M was built around 26 points by Kevin Hamilton and 17 by Jeff Ruland, who several weeks ago broke his shooting hand, and then came down with the flu while in Alaska. Sam Bowie, Kentucky's 7' 1" freshman, had 16 points against Bradley. Fred Cowan of the Wildcats added 19 points and 11 rebounds in the second-round game, which made Coach Joe Hall feel that a trip he took last season had been worthwhile. That journey—a 200-mile flight to Cowan's hometown of Sturgis, Ky.—came when Hall learned that his 6' 8" forward had left the team because he was distressed by his lack of playing time. Hall talked Cowan into rejoining the Wildcats, who took the Shootout by knocking off Iowa 57-50 in the finale despite 14 points by tournament MVP Ruland, who had 61 points in three games.

Purdue's Joe Barry Carroll is called Rocky Mountain High for two reasons: he stands 7' 1" and he is from Denver. Last week, playing 65 miles north of Denver, Carroll paced the Boltemakers to a 65-55 triumph at Colorado State. It was Carroll who triggered Purdue's comeback from an 11-point first-half deficit. He pumped in 20 of his 29 points in the second half when the Boltemakers went into a zone, slowed the game's tempo, spread their offense and got the ball to the big man.

Oregon State and UCLA had little trouble winning. The Beavers, as tempestuous as ever on defense, drubbed Eastern Washington 92-59 and Wisconsin-Parkside 74-46 behind 6' 10 1/2" Steve Johnson's superb shooting. Altogether, Johnson connected on 20 of 28 field-goal attempts and scored 50 points. Against Eastern, the relentless Oregon State defenders hounded the Eagles into committing a total of 24 turnovers.

UCLA hardly worked up a sweat while swamping Idaho State 82-40, allowing only four field goals in the first half, which closed with the Bruins leading 43-12. However, Hofstra put up a battle. After trailing 31-18, the Flying Dutchmen made it 34-32 at the intermission. Then UCLA's Kiki Vandeweghe began popping in shots, scoring the first 13 points of the second half. When the game ended, Vandeweghe had 31 and the Bruins a

90-71 victory. New Brain Coach Larry Brown made his presence known as UCLA showed off an energetic zone press and a penchant for substitutions. Brown made 63 lineup changes in the two games.

1. UCLA (2-0)

2. OREGON STATE (2-0) 3. BYU (1-1)

MIDWEST Nowhere was there more vivid evidence that it's a new season than at Indiana State. Gone is Larry Bird. Back are Carl Nicks and Bob (Miracle Man) Henson. Nicks scored 37 points against Division II Armstrong (Ga.) State, but Henson, playing spryly on a bum left ankle, had just 11—and no miracles. The Running Pirates got 20 points from Foy Balance and four last-minute free throws by Mike Pringle as they handed the Sycamores, 33-1 last season, a 66-63 loss.

The first seven minutes of Steve Stipanovich's Missouri career were miserable. During that span the much-heralded 6' 11" freshman drew three fouls and failed to score against Southwest Texas State, which led by seven points. In the next 48 seconds, though, Stipanovich dumped in two field goals to get the Tigers—and himself—untracked. He wound up with 23 points as the Tigers won 86-70 and then added 19 as they beat South Dakota State 80-60. Another strong Big Eight team, Kansas, beat Nevada-Reno 93-75.

Metro Conference favorites Louisville and Virginia Tech were victorious, the Cardinals barely so. Louisville blew a 14-point lead over South Alabama, trailed 71-69 and needed a long jumper by Darrell Griffith and three foul shots by Scooter McCray to prevail 75-73. Tech dumped Campbell 87-62 as Wayne Robinson had 20 points.

Arkansas broke open a tight game—36-all at halftime—in the second half and went on to knock off Loyola Marymount 76-66.

1. VIRGINIA TECH (1-0)

2. ARKANSAS (1-0) 3. MISSOURI (2-0)

MIDEAST "He's like a bumblebee in a jar," said Louisiana State Coach Dale Brown of multiturned DeWayne Scales. In a 112-81 rout of SEC rival Florida, Scales buzzed and bombed his way to 30 points, sinking 14 of 16 field-goal attempts. Also in on the Gator raid was Darand Macklin, who had 25 points and 11 rebounds.

Although Indiana and Ohio State won by wide margins, neither was impressive in the first half. It was not until Mike Woodson got hot that the Hoosiers pulled away from Miami of Ohio. Ahead only 42-41, Indiana reeled off the next 16 points—eight of them by Woodson—and went on to an 89-52 victory. Ohio State fattened its 31-29 halftime lead by outscoring Ohio 22-8 during the first 10 minutes of the second half and won 78-51.

Guard Mickey Dillard, who broke his leg

after two games last season, and 6' 10" Elvis Rolle, a transfer from Oral Roberts, got Florida State off to a blazing start. With Dillard scoring 26 points and Rolle contributing 32—and sinking 12 of 15 shots—the Seminoles walloped Florida A&M 101-63.

Year after year Valparaiso takes on Notre Dame. And year after year the Crusaders get whipped. Not even 28 points by Jeff Simmons could keep the Irish from romping 92-66 this time. Kelly Tripucka had 22 points for Notre Dame, but it was a couple of freshmen who wowed the South Bend crowd. Tim Andree scored 13 points and John Paxson had 12 in limited action.

1. ILLINOIS (1-0)

2. OHIO STATE (1-0) 3. NOTRE DAME (1-0)

EAST With the front line shooting .710, Duke beat North Carolina 86-74 to win the Big Four tournament. The bull's-eye boys were Kenny Darnold (6 for

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MIKE GIMINSKI: Duke's 6' 11" senior center led the Blue Devils to the Big Four tournament title with 47 points, 28 rebounds and 12 blocked shots in wins over ACC rivals Wake Forest and North Carolina.

8), Gene Banks (8 for 11) and tournament MVP Mike Giminski (8 for 12). Even though the Blue Devils got only one field goal during the last 10:16 against Wake Forest, they made it to the finals by defeating the Deacons 72-70. There were also some improbable statistics in the Tar Heels' first-round 97-84 conquest of North Carolina State: the Heels committed 23 turnovers and took 23 fewer shots than the Wolfpack did.

It took one minute and 39 seconds for 7' 4" freshman Ralph Sampson to register his first basket for Virginia as he converted an alley-oop pass into a dunk. Sampson played 22 minutes and had 17 points during a 93-58 drubbing of Johns Hopkins. "Boring. Boring," chanted Cavalier fans the next day when Georgia Tech made its ACC debut against Virginia and played still-half. Sampson had just four points as Virginia outyawned Tech 55-37. North Carolina-Charlotte shocked Toledo 64-60. Phil Ward, the 49ers' defensive specialist, was their scoring ace this time, with 21 points.

Syracuse and Georgetown coasted. The Orange used freshmen liberally as they beat Cornell 107-66. And the Hoyas defeated Bowie (Md.) State 98-47, with Eric Smith scoring 15 points and holding Chuck Jackson, who had averaged 32 points in his previous four games, to 10.

1. DUKE (2-0)

2. NORTH CAROLINA (1-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (2-0)

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C Production, won race

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B Sedan, won pole, won race, set new lap record

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B Sedan, won pole, won race

June 17/Nelson LeGros (Ohio)/Datsun

B Sedan, won pole, won race, set new lap record

June 10/24 Hr. LeMans (France)/Porsche

1st in class, second overall

June 3/Watkins Glen (N.Y.)/Datsun

C Production, won pole, won race, set new lap record

B Sedan, won pole, won race, set new lap record

May 13/Summit Point (W. Va.)/Datsun

C Production, won pole, won race

B Sedan, won pole, won race

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The bad-neighbor policy

Alabama was acting downright chummy by turning the ball over to intrastate rival Auburn a lot, but the Tide got mean in time to preserve its No. 1 rating

To tell you the truth, Alabama is envious of us," Jim Jenkins, a dentist and Auburn fan—not necessarily in that order—was saying at a restaurant in Auburn before the two teams met last weekend.

Excuse me? That's Alabama, the No. 1 team in the nation? The team that is currently riding Division I's longest (20 games) unbeaten streak? The team that at that moment was the object of two bowl committees' lust? The team that Auburn has not beaten since 1972?

"Sure, they're envious because of the enjoyment we get out of a win. We get six or seven years' worth out of one." At that point drinks were ordered and a record of the highlights of Auburn's 1972 win over the Tide got another play. But it was left to another War Eagle devotee, Bill Stewart, to sum up Auburn's feelings about Bama. "Our hate of Alabama is not so deep that winning wouldn't cure it," he proclaimed.

As it turned out, Auburn seemed to have found the right prescription last Saturday before the Tide rose up and slammed the medicine-cabinet door shut for another year. But what made this 25-18 loss particularly bitter for the War Eagles—understand that every loss to Bama is bitter—is that the No. 1-ranked and 16-point favorite Tide did everything possible to give the game away. In the third quarter, Alabama had four fumbles, each of which was recovered by Auburn. There were more crises for Bama than on a week of Days of Our Lives.

In fact, with only 11:44 to play in the game, the War Eagles had clawed to an 18-17 advantage. But if Bama didn't play like a No. 1 team most of the afternoon, it did when it counted, which

is how it came to pass that Quarterback Sicadman Shealy was able to lead the Tide on an 82-yard game-winning march. "I had a good feeling during that drive," said Shealy. "I felt like we could do it if we stuck to our knitting."

It was important that the Tide not drop a stitch if it wanted to remain in serious command of the race for the national championship, which would be Bama's sixth. And if it wanted to win its 17th SEC championship, which would crush the hopes of the Fiesta Bowl and put the Tide into the Sugar Bowl for a New Year's date against No. 8-ranked Arkansas.

"Our defense was spectacular and the offense played well enough to win," said Bear Bryant. Ah, yes, the Alabama defense, led by Linebacker Thomas Boyd, who had 12 unassisted tackles, and Defensive End E. J. Junior, with four unassisted tackles in the Auburn backfield, again had proved itself to be perhaps the best in the nation. While the Tide offense was losing dribbles all over the artificial turf of Birmingham's Legion Field, the defense had remained staunch, holding the War Eagles—the fifth-ranked rushing team in the nation with an average of 315 yards per game—to only 161 yards and 11 first downs.

The victory was an eye opener for a Bama fan named A. W. (Snap) Welborn. Ol' Snap lost his right eye in a hunting accident. He paid \$100 for an artificial one inscribed "Roll Tide," which he inserts after every victory.



Shealy bolted in from the right for the winning touchdown

Auburn is not amused, especially since it is serving a two-year NCAA probation (no TV, no bowl) for recruiting violations, and the feeling is rampant among War Eagles that it was Alabama that turned them in. Still, Doug Barfield coached his team to an 8-3 record this year, which was fortunate, since anything less might have prompted his firing.

But of more significance is the fact that bruised feelings run deep at Auburn. An Alabama official says, "All you need to understand is that if you want to be a lawyer or a doctor, you go to Alabama. If you want to be a farmer or a county agent, you go to Auburn." Which is, of course, unfair. A sign in Tuscaloosa last week said AUBURN SUCKS. When Fob James, a former Auburn running back

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

who is now governor, announced his intention to improve education in the state, calling it a War on Illiteracy, it inspired one of those snooty Tuscaloosa types to sneer, "The war was canceled because Auburn surrendered."

Unquestionably, it's the jokes that offend War Eagles even more than the scores. And it's the wisecracks by Bryant that offend the most. This year Bryant outdid himself, observing that if his team couldn't beat Auburn, he'd just as soon stay home and plow as go to a bowl. That incensed the War Eagles, who took it as another slur on their agricultural heritage. Said Bear in extenuation, "Plowing's not too bad. There's a lot of old folks plowing. There's more plowing than coaching. When you plow, you work hard, then come in for a cool lemonade. There's not much worrying involved. All you need is a good mule." Auburn was not mollified.

"It's ridiculous to get sohipped up over a football game," Bryant said last week. But, at 66, Bryant certainly hasn't lost his zest for the game. And definitely not for winning, which is why he is only 19 games short of tying Amos Alonzo Stagg's record total of 314. Bryant almost quit coaching a couple of years ago, but when Assistant Athletic Director Charley Thornton started talking to him about the Stagg record, Bryant got interested. "As long as somebody has to be the winningest coach, it might as well be me," said the Bear. Meanwhile, Auburn gets mad as hell about being cramped in the same state with a legend.

The point is that Auburn, and a lot of other folks who keep getting plowed under by Bryant, question his sincerity. They all see his aging—no, aged—face, which looks like it has been ridden hard and put away wet, and they are mystified as to how he's still so good after 35 years as a head coach. "If we don't win, then I'll fire myself," he says. Not to worry, Bear. Over the last eight seasons, Alabama has averaged 10.6 victories a year.

But when you play 11 games a year, there are bound to be narrow escapes. Witness last Saturday.

The first half was humdrum. Auburn scoring first on a 47-yard field goal by Jorge Portela. Then after blowing two scoring opportunities, including getting down to the Auburn 6 and coming up dry, the Tide finally succeeded. Shealy passed to Keith Pugh—a play that Bear Auburn all afternoon—for 28 yards and

a touchdown. Later Shealy dived over from the one after a long drive, highlighted by another Shealy-Pugh connection, for 13 yards. The halftime score was 14-3 with 'Bama clearly in charge. "We've got to execute perfectly," Shealy had said before the game, "and we can't have any breakdowns." Added Running Back Major Ogilvie, "If we fumble, we can't win." Then the Tide ran out for the third quarter and executed miserably while fumbling as if it was part of the game plan. On the first play from scrimmage, Shealy mishandled the ball, and Auburn's Zac Hardy recovered it on the 'Bama 21. But the War Eagles could do nothing. 'Bama got the ball back, and Ogilvie immediately fumbled. Auburn's Freddie Smith fell on it at the Tide 28. This time the War Eagles got a 39-yard field goal from Portela. Score: 14-6. Fully in the spirit of things by now, Shealy fumbled on the Auburn 16; Auburn's Harris Rabren made the recovery.

Here the Tide giveaway program was interrupted when Auburn's Joe Cribbs fumbled two plays later and E. J. Junior recovered for 'Bama. Shortly thereafter Alan McElroy kicked a 23-yard field goal, putting Alabama up 17-6.

But the Tide's fumbling continued, the next one coming on a punt to Tommy Wilcox, who dropped it on his 37. Auburn's Dan Dickerson got this one. With 21 seconds to play in the third quarter and in the face of a blitzing 'Bama defense, Auburn Quarterback Charlie Trotman coolly dumped a pass over the middle to Cribbs, who rambled in for the 36-yard touchdown. Then on the next series for the War Eagles, Trotman whipped a 55-yarder to Byron Franklin to get down to the 'Bama 14. Three plays later he threw an 11-yarder to Mark Robbins for a touchdown. The scoreboard blinked—Auburn 18, Alabama 17.

That was enough to cure 'Bama's jitters as Shealy took the team on a masterful, winning drive. Naturally, Shealy passed to Pugh, this one for nine yards. And on the seventh play he took the ball on the option, turned it upfield and scored from eight yards out. "It was the greatest drive of my life," said Shealy, "because it meant so much to our team." Asked about the fumblebits, he said, "I don't believe the word is fumble. We got the ball knocked loose a lot today."

And out in the parking lot, the record of the 1972 War Eagle win was being played again.

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Warren Costanzo deals blackjack for a living in a Reno hotel. With his round, gentle face and thick salt-and-pepper hair, he looks as if he could be some kind of cleric, which may be why his friends call him Monk. It may also be because Costanzo takes to conversation as if he were a Trappist. A while ago he was a nationally known pool player, especially when the game was nine ball. In 1976 he won a thing called the Showboat Open on such a table in Las Vegas. Then Costanzo put away his cue until just nine days before the start of the first annual Nine Ball World Pro Am tournament in Las Vegas, an event he won last week by stroking, back-to-back, two perfectly magical shots to upset the 1979 Professional Pool Players World Open pocket billiards champion.

Almost as surprising as Costanzo's victory was the fact that the Nine Ball World Pro Am was held at all. The tournament was the brainchild of a pro player named Richie Florence, who couldn't find a hucker until last December when he phoned Mike Battle, the former New York Jets special-teams wild man. Battle now makes his living in oil and natural gas and from a 1,800-acre cattle ranch outside Amarillo, Texas. Florence lured it on him. With 36 million players, pool is the U.S.'s sixth-largest participant sport, he said. Nobody had ever run a class tournament with big money. If you offered a million-dollar purse you could charge a \$600 entry fee and draw at least 1,000 entries. Corporations would line up to be sponsors, and TV couldn't resist. Battle loved it. And so did his accountant.

But by September the vision had soured. Corporate contacts said sorry. Television said no, run it by yourself and we'll see how it goes. By Oct. 15, only 300 players had entered. At this point Battle Enterprises, Inc. was out between \$160,000 and \$200,000. Coming up with \$242,000 in prize money would break the bank. Then someone figured that if as many as 250 of the 300 entrants would accept a 50% cut in the prize money, the purse would still be the largest ever in pool and Battle Enterprises would at least have hope for the future.

So it was that a field of 254 convened at the Tropicana tennis pavilion in Las Vegas on the Sunday after Thanksgiving, about a quarter of them pros and the rest amateurs from 23 states and Canada. The reason amateurs were willing to put up \$600 to play against pros was that the format gave any good shooter a chance to win. In nine ball, the rules are simple. The balls, numbered 1 through 9, are racked in a diamond with the 9 in the middle. Players shoot the balls in rotation, the lowest numbered first. Whoever makes the 9 ball wins. As long as a player hits the lowest-numbered ball on the table first, whatever ball he might sink counts—including the 9. In Vegas, short matches—best of three games to a set, best of three sets to a match—also helped the amateur. So did playing on bar-sized 4'x8' tables, rather than regulation

4½'x9's. It was a single elimination, loser breaks. "It's a crap shoot on a pool table," said one pro.

By 1 p.m. on Wednesday all but eight players had crapped out, and four of the survivors were amateurs. Then Mike Sigel, the pocket billiards champion, put away two amateurs in his side of the bracket, and Costanzo knocked off two pros, including Keith McCready, considered by many to be the top player in the West.

For the final match three changes were made: play shifted to a 4½'x9' table, the sets became best-of-seven games, and the winner took the breaks. The changes all favored the better player, so it was no surprise that to bet on Sigel one had to lay 7 to 5. And early in the match, after Costanzo blew an easy shot, 7 to 5 seemed generous. "It's a sickup," yelled a fan. "Hey, Monk, got those four-by-nine blues?" cried another. Sigel won the first set 4-2, but it was when Costanzo scraped out set No. 2 that the crowd went wild. "Monk! Monk! Monk!" resounded in the pavilion.

In the final set Sigel led 3-2 and was just two shots away from victory. Costanzo had showed no emotion while Sigel built the lead. He only smoked a lot. Whenever Sigel made a critical shot, Monk would applaud politely. But he never said a word. Now the 8 and 9 balls were lying tough—pinned to a side rail about four inches apart. Sigel had just enough room to fit the cue ball between them and make the 8 in the corner—a difficult cut shot. For a moment he considered a safe. But no. He shot at the 8, and it dropped in the corner. The cue ball rolled back toward the side pocket on the rail where the 9 ball was situated. And it rolled. One moment it looked as if Sigel would have excellent position. The next it appeared that the cue ball might carry right to the pocket and drop for a scratch. Finally it stopped, perhaps a quarter inch from the hole. The cue ball was so deep into the pocket opening that the tip of the cushion blocked its path to the 9. Sigel closed one eye, studied the shot, smashed the butt of his stick on the floor and screamed. "I can't see

Ahead of the nine ball

Monk Costanzo put down his cards, picked up a cue and blew out the pros



Costanzo's victory came on two superb shots

continued

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POOL continued

it!" The best he could hope for was to graze a piece of the 9 and leave Costanzo a toughie. Which he did. When the two balls came to rest, the 9 was at one end of the table midway between the two corner pockets and only about four inches off the rail. The cue ball was way down at the other end, in just about the same place.

Now Costanzo seemed cooked. A safe was impossible. So was a bank. His only chance was to cut the 9 ball straight into the corner—a wafer-thin cut. A miss and it was out, goodbye and goodnight. Costanzo lined up the shot and then walked away. Up in the bleachers the experts were figuring the odds. Rough estimates, the chances of sinking the 9 were at least 3 to 1 against, under tournament pressure, 10 to 1 was closer, considering that the shot meant \$15,000—the winner got \$25,000, the runner-up \$10,000—it might be 20 or 30 to 1. An old hand turned to the row behind him and whispered, "Twelve-to-one for a hundred he misses." No one accepted.

Costanzo stepped up to the table again, bent over the cue ball and, with a quick, brisk stroke, drilled the 9 ball home. "Monk! Monk! Monk!" was the cry. Sigel looked at his shoes. The match was dead even with one game to go.

Costanzo studied the break. With all the power he could muster, he stroked his stick. The rack exploded, and instantly a cluster of balls burst toward a corner pocket to his left. Amazingly, the 9 ball led the way, stopping a few inches from the pocket. But then the rest of the cluster rumbled toward it, smashed into it and funneled it into the corner and down the hole.

"Monk! Monk! Monk!" could probably be heard way off in the casino. A friend leaped out of the bleachers, bear-hugged the winner and lifted him off the floor. A delicious circle formed around Costanzo, who was crying and gasping for breath. A good 10 minutes passed. Finally, security guards got to him and helped him toward a sofa, where an oxygen mask was strapped across his face. He had yet to say a word. When the mask was finally removed, Monk still was speechless. His eyes scanned the faces of a dozen friends and officials who stood around the sofa, looking gravely concerned, wondering if the first annual Nine Ball world champ was feeling O.K. Then Monk finally spoke: "Does anybody have a cigarette?"

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The fire—a small one by Minnesota standards—began on Good Friday, 1968 as a runaway from a trash burner on the west side of Highway 47 near the town of Ogilvie. A cold front was moving in and winds were gusting up to 20 knots out of the southwest. The flames moved in a classical cigar-shaped pattern, heading toward the northeast, leaping through winter-dried vegetation—aspens, dogwood, burr oak, swamp sedge and pale, crackling meadow grass. After the fire had extended itself more than a mile in that direction, the wind suddenly backed around to the east-southeast, and the flames spun on their heels like so many infantrymen obeying the order, “By the left flank, march.”

By the time firefighters got the blaze under control six hours later, about 2,000 acres had been scorched. In some places the fire had had energy enough to consume the crowns of the trees it passed through. In other spots, thanks to low, marshy ground and the vagaries of the wind, it skipped through lightly, merely burning out dead litter and small stands of brush.

Now, 12 years later, the woods destroyed by the Ogilvie fire were prime game land. Pheasants cackled from the swamps. Snowshoe rabbits leaped out from underfoot in the tall, thick grass of the soggy fall meadows. A deer hunter emerged from the thick aspen growth up the road, dragging a husky, plump spike buck to his waiting pickup. And Lars, the indefatigable English setter, was on point once again. Rod Sando moved off the game trail toward the spot where Lars' bell had suddenly gone silent. A moment later came the chain-saw rip of ruffed-grouse wings, followed by the pow of Rod's over-and-under Browning 12 gauge. Another fat, red-phase grouse biddy for his game pocket.

“You couldn't ask for better cover than this,” said Sando. “And it wouldn't be this way without that fire.” Strange words, one might think, from a man who was once a smoke jumper in Montana and who only this year stepped down from his post as director of the Division of Forestry in Minnesota's Department of



Forester Rod Sando goes hunting with his setter in an Ogilvie, Minn. area that a burnover has benefited

Natural Resources. Yet Rodney W. Sando, 38, is an outspoken apostle of the use of fire in land and game management, and one of the most respected young foresters in the country to boot. For most of us who grew up under the baleful gaze of Smokey the Bear, Sando's pyrophilia sounds puzzling, if not shocking. Yet, listening to him, it makes perfect sense.

“The U.S. Forest Service may have overdone the Smokey bit,” Sando says. “But it certainly was a good public-education gimmick in the aid of fire prevention. The sad thing is that most Americans now believe fire to be bad in every respect—a destroyer of habitat that can never be replaced, a killer of Bambi and his pals. In fact, the opposite is true. Very few large or mobile animals are killed even by the biggest forest fires. They can get out of the way, and, after all, they evolved through millions of years of natural fires. Sure, fire is deadly to small

continued

Got news for you, Smokey

Despite that bear's strictures, fires can be a boon to game animals, leading to denser cover and more abundant food

and slow creatures—insects, snakes, things like that. But its benefits in most cases outweigh those replaceable losses."

The benefits are many. Fire is nature's housecleaner, sweeping up the leaf and branch litter of the woods quickly and recycling the nutrients back into the soil. It kills old, diseased trees and encourages the rapid growth of new and different varieties. The aspen, one of the most beneficial plants from a wildlife food standpoint, responds to fire with a stunning surge of new sucker growth, providing not only fresh herbage for game animals to browse on, but also thick, nearly impenetrable cover for wild mothers to rear their young. Some trees, like the jack pine that composes most of the "boreal forest" of the Lake States—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and western New York—actually need fire to reproduce themselves. The cones of the jack pine will be dormant on the trees waiting for a fire to blaze through and activate their seeds. Other trees, like the burr oak, have adapted to fire in other ways. The thick bark of the burr oak preserves it from destruction by even severe fires; then, with its more puny armored competitors (pines, aspens, sugar and red maples, for example) wiped out by the blaze, the oak fills the gaps with more of its own kind.

Aldo Leopold, the great Wisconsin-born naturalist, was one of the first to speak out in modern times in defense of fire. In his book, *A Sand County Almanac*, Leopold describes the ongoing, 20,000-year war between the prairie and the forest that has surged up and down the midsection of North America since the last glacier. Sometimes the boreal forest, with its cutting edge of hardwoods acting as cavalry followed by vast armies of conifers, marched far south into the prairie—jack pines once grew well below the present Wisconsin border. Then the prairie struck back with its major weapon: the tall-grass fire, frequent and fiercely intense. Without fire, Leopold argued, the continent would have been much less varied in its array of habitats. Ironically, he himself died of a heart attack at the age of 61 while helping a neighbor fight a grass fire in his beloved "Sand County."

The patch of woods Rod Sando and I hunted a few weeks ago near Ogilvie provided a good lesson in Leopoldian fire philosophy. The forest consisted mainly of 12-year-old aspens, about 20 feet tall,

edged and pocketed with dense thickets of aspen suckers. Small stands of burr oak and maple interspersed the main growth, with here and there a patch of panicked (or gray) dogwood, its white, edible berries gleaming palely in the woody gloom. Grouseberry bushes varied the color scheme, bright red buttons against the gray. Apart from the frequent flush of grouse, testimony to the fecundity of the burn came from an abundance of deer sign, fox tracks and the sighting of at least half a dozen hunting hawks—rough-legged, red-tailed and marsh.

"Plenty of predators means plenty of cats," said Sando. "Look at those big holes in that dead aspen and tell me that pileated woodpeckers don't like forest fires."

A man who was nearly killed by the first forest fire he ever fought, Sando speaks almost touchingly of the "strange beauty" of an enormous blaze. "When you watch one from the air," he says, "it looks alive—like some big black and red and yellow animal surging through the woods. I jumped on nine fires out West and it was damned exciting. I've known the gasoline to boil in the tank of the chain saw I was using to fell a burning tree."

After three summer vacations of forest-fire fighting (one in California, two in Montana), Sando moved to Manitoba as a forest-fire research officer for the Canadian government. The experience gave him a chance to study truly large-scale fires—the province lost a million acres to the flames in 1961, and six years later Sando saw how well the burned areas had rejuvenated. Later, with the U.S. Forest Service and while working toward a doctorate in forestry at the University of Minnesota, he helped to devise programs involving the use of fire in managing woods and wildlife.

After hunting the Ogilvie area, Sando drove to the bleak, flat reaches of the Huntersville State Forest, where there had been a more recent burn. This was the true boreal forest. The burn, when we reached it, was huge and obvious: mile on mile of blackened trunks. But already a green carpet of jack-pine seedlings was sprouting, along with a spindly, seed-topped grass. "That's turkey-foot grass," said Sando, "a prairie grass that was rare here. Its seeds, like those of the jack pine, need fire to end their dormancy. Now it's coming back strong."

The weather conditions on Sept. 6, 1976, when the Huntersville Fire erupted, were almost identical to those of the Great Hinckley Fire of 1894 that burned 160,000 acres and killed 418 people. Months of drought had preceded the blaze, accompanied by cloudless skies and abnormally high summer temperatures. It was so dry at Huntersville that the peat bogs in some parts of the region had dried out to a depth of 20 feet. The temperature was 95° on the day the fire broke out—again, from someone burning trash. A cold front was moving in, typically, from the southwest, with winds of 30 knots gusting up to 60.

"With that kind of wind and that kind of dry," said Sando, "this was a very high-energy fire. It shot off to the northeast at two miles an hour. You could have kept ahead of it at a brisk walking pace, but not for long, not through the woods, the blowdowns, the potholes and all. Spot fires were jumping out as far as half a mile ahead of it, ignited by flying sparks. The peat caught fire and burned off, two or three feet deep in spots. Pines were exploding like incendiary bombs. Then the wind turned to the northwest and the fire moved off in a new direction. Luckily, we were able to alert most of the people living in its path and no one was killed. One old couple—they must have been deaf—didn't hear our airborne loudspeakers and just kept pottering around while the fire blew past them, completely unaware that anything dangerous was going on."

"Most of the damage took place in the first 12 hours—25,000 acres burned to the ground—but it took months to extinguish the deep-burning peat. I walked through the burn-over heart of the fire a few days later. Jack-pine seeds are pinkish in color, and the whole landscape was pink and gray and black, like something out of a science-fiction movie."

Hawks were perched on the wires along the highway, or circled, hunting over the new jack-pine growth. A flight of ducks—seal from the size of them—scouted across the gray sky, heading for potholes in the burn-over peat bogs—potholes that had not been there before the fire. A deer hunter emerged from the woods and Sando stopped to ask if he'd seen anything.

"No bucks yet," the hunter said cheerfully, "but this morning I saw 20 does all in a bunch. Plenty of deer here, all right."

Sando smiled and drove on.

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With first place in the AFC East at stake, the Miami Dolphins trotted out some of the great names from their Super Bowl past and routed the New England Patriots



As in the glory days of 1970-74, Czonka (39) crashed through gaping holes opened by Little (66)

'Twas shades of yesteryear

The Miami Dolphins' locker room is hospital white, and there are no carpets on the floor and no stereo music. A working locker room. And last Thursday night, in the wake of the Dolphins' 39-24 victory over the New England Patriots in the showdown battle for first place in the AFC East, it was filled with ghosts.

There were Larry Czonka, limping into the trainer's room on a mangled toe, and Bob Griese, his face a blank as he bantered with writers desperately trying to draw some emotion from him, and Larry Little, describing what it was like in the huddle as the Dolphins reached back into the history book to snatch a little glory from the old Super Bowl years.

"One time Zonk looked at me and said,

"What's the matter, Chicken, you're not talking?" "Little said. "I told him, 'Working too hard, man.'"

Faces from the past, the dear departed, written out of the future. Ghostly figures in a young locker room. Memory lane. You could close your eyes and almost hear the cackling laughter of Jake Scott or Manny Fernandez, the snap of the towel as Jim Kiick cracked some rookie across the butt.

But when things got tough in the Orange Bowl last week, Coach Don Shula called on his old guard. He brought Griese off the bench to relieve Don Strock, who had suffered a case of the scatters in the first half. Griese is modest and low-key, and 300-yard passing games

are not his style, but he knows how to work a game, and there's still enough life in his arm to keep the defenses honest. On this night the formula worked. He connected on the first five passes he threw, but mostly he handed the ball off to Czonka. In the third quarter, when the Dolphins under Griese outscored the Patriots 16-0 and clinched the game, New England's offense saw the ball for a total of five snaps.

Physically, Griese hasn't been right this year. Medical testimony has been divided. Griese had a hamstring pull that didn't let him set up right, that caused him to push the ball; his arm was just shot, it was as simple as that. Whatever, when you're playing catch-up at the end, when you need a live gun to win it for you, Griese wasn't the man. Losses to the Jets, Oilers, Raiders and Browns reinforced the argument. There were grumbles. When was Shula going to bite the bullet and sit him down?

Shula agonized. Finally he benched Griese on Nov. 25, the day of a game with Baltimore. It was the first time that a healthy Griese had not started for the Dolphins in 13 years. Strock started, but he got conked on the head in the second quarter and his day was over. Griese came in and threw for two TDs. Nice, but you know... Baltimore.

"Don deserved the right to start," Griese said in Baltimore. "Today didn't count, because of his injury, so let's move it to the next game." Which happened to be the big one against New England.

"You don't have to talk about Griese winning back his job; he's proved himself around here," Shula said after the win over the Patriots. "He'll go back in the starter."

In the Miami locker room Griese was being worked for the glad-to-be-back angle. He fixed his interrogators with that cold-eyed stare. "I never lost confidence," he said. "Starting or not starting isn't my decision."

"How about what Fran Tarkenton said?" Griese was asked. In midweek Tarkenton had mentioned that there comes a time in every quarterback's life when he has to say *sayonara*. "Francis

continued

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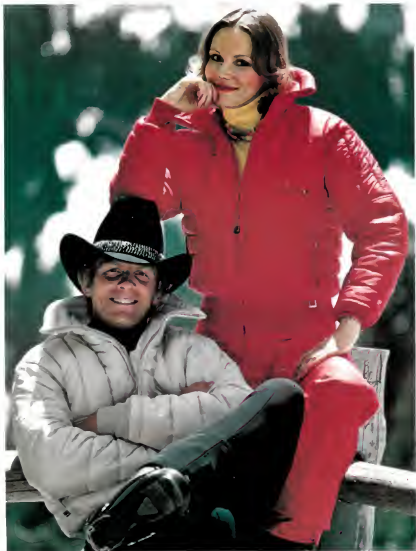
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isn't right all the time," Griese said. He thought for a moment. A smile? Tough to tell. Could have been. Yes, there it was again. "We came out in the third quarter, and it felt like old times. Gave Zank the ball. It was very reminiscent."

Twenty feet away, Csonka was limping heavily on the damaged big toe of his right foot. That was nothing new. He had limped his way through two Super Bowl championship seasons in Miami. Same big toe, twisted and discolored, looking like something out of a butcher shop. Turf toe. The Dolphins got their artificial turf at a cut-rate price, and Zank didn't mind telling you about it. There's grass in the Orange Bowl now, but Kim Bokamper, the young linebacker, stepped on Zank's toe in the warmup.

"He smiled about it," Csonka said. "That's linebacker mentality. He'd make a good fullback."

At 32, Csonka was back at Shula U. after a four-year odyssey through Memphis of the NFL and the New Jersey meadows, where he occasionally played for the Giants. He dropped 30 pounds to make Shula's squad and on Thursday night he was knocking Patriots over as he ran for 88 yards on 22 carries against the NFL's top rushing defense.

"Hey, the line opened the holes," he said. "These guys know how to block."

It's a strange, patched-up mixture, that offensive line—oldtimers, youngsters, everybody carrying some injury. Once upon a time Little, the right guard, had been the main man. This year he'd been written off. Bad ankle, new faces—hell, the guy was 34 years old. But Shula gave him a start against the Patriots.

"You control the ball, you win the game," Little said afterward. "We zonked 'em. I haven't felt like this since—how long?—since 1974."

A couple of hours later, in the parking lot, Bob Kuechenberg, the 32-year-old left tackle, leaned on a car, sipped a glass of champagne and talked about the Dolphins. "A real sense of déjà vu tonight," he said, "a throwback. A team comes in here with the No. 1 defense, a must game, and you do it to them. You know, we hadn't had a really good win this year. We beat the teams we were supposed to beat, the bad teams beat us."

"But I'll tell you, I was tired of hearing everyone talking about how great the Patriots are. All that talent, Super Bowl team and all the rest of it. They're a cocky team, and really, what right do they have

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL continued

to be cocky? That team has never won a single playoff game."

The race in the AFC East now comes down to this: Miami is 9-5, New England is 8-6, and neither team is likely to qualify as a wild card. Miami, Denver, San Diego, Pittsburgh and Houston are front-runners for five playoff spots as division champs or wild-card teams.

What do we have in the Dolphins? An old-style, grind-it-out team? They seem to be at their best when playing that way under Griese, though they can switch gears and go long-ball if Strock is on target. But how far can the old-style game take you in playoff competition, with gunners like Dan Fouts and Terry Bradshaw ready to put points on the board like an adding machine?

Tactically, Griese was an interesting study Thursday night. He threw 10 passes and completed eight in his two quarters of work, the kind of stats he used to approach in the glory days. He limbered up by throwing over the middle, which doesn't strain the arm. In the third quarter, down 17-13 and facing a third-and-12, he made what Patriot Coach Ron Ehrhardt called the crucial play of the game. He hit his halfback, Tony Nathan, cutting inside. Nathan slid by a couple of tackles and made 18 yards and a first down, and the march was on.

Griese's one long pass of the night was a dandy, 38 yards to Nat Moore for a touchdown, but Mike Haynes, the Patriots' cornerback, fell down on the play. Then the strange New England self-destruct mechanism took over. The Patriots' next series ended with a holding penalty, a sack and a snap that sailed over the punter's head and out of the end zone for a safety. The regular snapper, Pete Brock, had a broken hand, and his back-up, Whimpy Wheeler, was belted around by the Dolphins.

"We made him a target," Kuechenberg said. "He was shaky on his snaps all night. We pounded on his head."

Steve Grogan, the much-maligned New England quarterback, had brought the Patriots back in the first half and given them that 17-13 lead. Grogan's arm did miraculous things in the first half—219 yards, long and short, it made no difference. It was a heroic show. His offense was badly outmanned. The offensive line was crippled and the muscle of the attack, Fullback Sam Cunningham, was out with a sprained ankle. What's more, the defense was mi-

continued

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nus its best lineman, Richard Bishop.

Grogan hit Stanley Morgan on a 38-yard touchdown pass 23 seconds before the half ended, but then the Patriots did a funny thing. They forgot to play the last 23 seconds. They covered the kick-off in water time, and Nathan ran it back 41 yards, and while the Patriots were regrouping, Strock hit Jimmy Cefalo down to the 26. As the whistle sounded, Uwe von Schamann kicked a 43-yard field goal and the Dolphins had an upper to carry them into the dressing room.

"Don't ask me why that happened," Ehrhardt said. "All I know is it made me sick."

It wasn't the only thing that has made him sick in this strange season. Take the Leon Gray trade. To recap: Gray, New England's All-Pro offensive left tackle, went to Houston in mid-August for first- and sixth-round draft choices. All-Pro Left Guard John Hannah echoed most of the sentiment in New England when he said, "We just traded away our Super Bowl." On national TV, Ehrhardt admitted he was against the move.

"I knew that would come up again," Patriot General Manager Bucko Kilroy said the night before the Dolphin game. "Look, before I made the deal, I asked the coaches, 'What do you lose by playing Whimpy Wheeler [No. 4 draft '78, out with a broken leg last year, still recuperating when the deal was announced] in that spot?' They said, 'Not a thing.' Then later, they turned around."

"That's not true," Ehrhardt said last week. "I wasn't asked, and if I had been, I wouldn't have said that."

But there is another theory, and that is that the deal was a money-saver, an ownership decision, and Bucko was left to take the fall. Gray's contract package, signed after the '77 season, and which Houston now has to pick up, runs through 1981. With incentives, it can cost more than \$500,000. The Oilers also had to cover \$70,000 worth of the \$85,000 signing bonus Gray received. Compare that with what New England is paying Wheeler, and you've got a healthy saving.

Don't write the Patriots out of the playoff picture just yet. Strange things can happen at this time of the season. Nerves jangle, throats tighten, must-win games turn into nightmares. The Dolphins are riding high in the AFC right now. That could change. But for one magic night in the Orange Bowl last week, some ghosts came back to life **AND**



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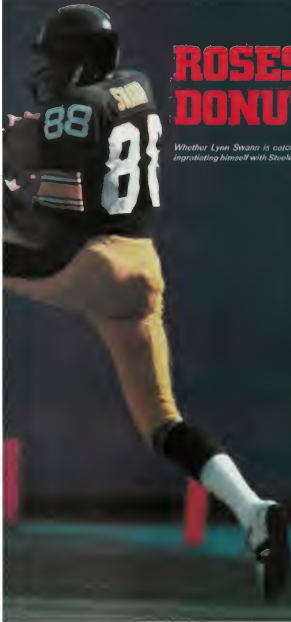
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CHAMPAGNE,



A black and white photograph of Pittsburgh Steelers wide receiver Lynn Swann in action. He is wearing his number 88 jersey and is running with the football. The background is a blurred stadium.

ROSES AND DONUTS

Whether Lynn Swann is catching passes or dressing up or ingratiating himself with Steeler teammates, he does it in style

BY FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

Well, it certainly is a Barnum & Bailey world, and wouldn't you just know it, it turns out that the last romantic left on the face of the earth is working for a living in Pittsburgh, P-A. Or, the punch line for the movie version: *Hey, I've got a great idea—Lynn Swann. That's something of an in joke you'll understand better as we go along. But for the present: Lynn Swann wears his own poetry inscribed in gold about his neck: he sends six dozen yellow roses when he falls in love and buys donuts for his teammates; he prefers white tie and tails if you are dressing, and champagne if you are drinking; he tap-dances his way into your heart, honeymoons in Paris and firmly subscribes to the old adage that it is the inalienable right of every American boy to grow up and play Robin Hood in the movies.*

Usually we live in our own times and dream of others. How strange that Swann is a child of older days whose dreams focus on the savage reality all about him. He has, in fact, one recurring nightmare. When it begins, he is standing in the Bank of America branch on B Street in San Mateo, Calif., where he grew up. He glances up and sees that a menacing robot has just entered the bank. Everybody, Swann included, runs like hell out the back door. But the robot follows Swann and chases him into a store. There the robot turns into a gorilla. The robot-gorilla keeps changing back and forth and chasing after him as he weaves in and out of stores. He has this nightmare often.

An authority on dreams told Swann that the robot represents logic, the gorilla emotions, and that the two are competing with each other for control of his being. Sometimes, if Swann is with a person who knows about his nightmare and does something reflexively and naturally, Swann will smile and say, "That's the gorilla in me," which sounds very confusing,

because we are hardly accustomed to gorillas standing for blithe images. Shouldn't the gorilla in the nightmare be the defensive backs and linebackers who pummel Swann, who supply him with concussions, who drove him to the brink of retirement when he was only 25?

You would think so. But Swann was never a sports fan, and perhaps his subconscious refuses to acknowledge that he has become an athlete, a pro football player, the very best at what he does, catching passes. It is mostly a fluke



that he has become what he is. Swann is listed officially at 6 feet, 180 pounds, which is small enough, but, in fact, he is no more than 5' 11" and weighs only 173. He wears high school-model shoulder pads. He has suffered three concussions, and he is known in the trade by the ugly cretins who play it brutally as a "paperhead." Which simply means that his skull crushes with ease—fair game.

Yet, in his sixth NFL season, age 27, there are almost no marks upon his ginger skin, and he appears nearly—if the

word is fair—dainty. Encountering stylishness where you least expect it will give you that impression. Swann's face has the aspect of a cute Disney animal—a chipmunk, perhaps—with tiny ears, a coiffure carefully shaped so that every hair is in place, gleaming brown eyes, teeth so flawless that Swann cannot deny, though he's loath to admit it, that they must be largely a testament to the talent of some dental artist. His cheekbones are high, affirming the Cherokee blood that courses through him from both sides of his family, and directly below are, naturally, a pair of dimples, apt quotation marks for his happy, regularly employed mouth.

Even in Pittsburgh, where Swann is a demigod, his face as well recognized as his number 88, fans meeting him for the first time are invariably amazed at how petite he is. Of all the most popular Steelers—Bradshaw, the rugged bellwether; Harris, sturdy and reliable; Greene, Mean Joe; Ham and Lambert, the hard-nosed Jacks from next door; Bleier, the doughy veteran—little Swann is the one most esteemed for his courage. *He goes over the middle.* Those burghers who run into him about town will offer up the obligatory "nice game," but an inordinate number of them also feel a need to cite his bravery to his face: "I just want to shake your hand, sir"; "God bless you, Lynn"; "I admire you so"; "You're one helluva man, is all I have to say."

Although Swann is a black man in a city with a small black population, the citizenry identifies as much or more with him as with any of its heftier and lighter-skinned heroes. "Well, it's a workingman's town, the shot and a beer, all that," Swann says. "That's not me, but maybe they see me as one of them anyway, because I'm the little guy who goes over the middle."

Ah, once again: over the middle. There are certain itineraries we expect football play-

continued

Swann's champagne tastes may clash with Pittsburgh's shot-and-a-beer usage, but he's not complaining



LYNN SWANN *continued*

ers to follow. The quarterback, as every mother's son knows, drops back; the fullback bulls ahead; the defensive backs, we are advised, rotate, while linebackers are crab-like beings, ever displaying the vaunted lateral speed. And the wide receiver is, of course, the creature of the down-and-out. We never visualize him as anything but his archetype, Raymond Berry: playing footsie with the boundaries, tapping toes down in sideline Morse code as he reaches out for the pigskin, high, wide and handsome. A wide receiver is down-and-out. The middle is left for stalwart tight ends—those gridiron half-breeds—and wandering blocking backs who moonlight at catching afterthought passes that are "dumpped off."

But Swann works the middle. And despite being as insubstantial as he is and having only average-sized hands, he works it with rare proficiency. "There is no such thing as Lynn Swann dropping a pass," says Bum Phillips, the Houston coach. Many receivers, like Swann, may regularly be double-teamed, but such coverage is only something to be eluded; going over the middle means that it is all but impossible to catch passes and not be double-tackled. "The fuck Lynn takes," says Sam Davis, Steeler guard, "sometimes he looks like a baton being twirled out there." Tom Moore, the Pittsburgh receiver coach, says, "I'm sure when Lynn goes over the middle that he doesn't let himself see any of the people there. Nobody has an edge on his heart."

Swann himself says, "I just can't ever think about being hurt. In the first game this season, I got hit low while I was jumping for a pass and I came down on my neck and shoulder, and just a little different. . . ." He shrugs; he meant he could have been busted up, maybe paralyzed. "I probably get away with it because of all the little things I've done in my life besides football—ballet, tap, gymnastics, basketball, long-jumping. I'm able somehow to keep my body loose but my hands tight. I'm like the race cars at Indy that aren't built with solid frames anymore, so when they hit the wall, just a portion of the car crumbles. In one of the old rigid cars there would've been a shock through the whole machine. Me, I get my leg hit, I just let the leg fly. I remain limber, and somehow the impact seems to flow out of that leg. Now maybe somebody who knows the laws of physics will say

that's all crazy, but it's my body and it works for me."

Swann has been timed in 4.5 for 40 yards. In high school, at 5' 10", he could dunk a basketball, and he was the California long-jump champion, doing 25' 2", before he relinquished Olympic aspirations to concentrate on football. He is able, then, to get to the ball and to climb in the air to take it high, away from taller men. He also has great powers of concentration. A gregarious, even voluble man, Swann never chitchats with the opposition, and only on the rarest of occasions will he approach Terry Bradshaw with a play suggestion. Out there he keeps to himself.

A wide receiver faces a dichotomy in his work, and for Swann, who adores—even milks—the spotlight, it's a painful one. On the one hand, the wide receiver is a dashing individualist, an athletic facsimile of all those Robin Hoods, buccaneers and gunslingers that young Lynn saw himself as. The wide receiver's presence in the huddle is almost *pro forma*. Swann drops in, gets the play, and then ducks out to near the right sideline, where he sets up—stands up—hy himself. To the other flank, the Steelers dispatch their other outstanding wide receiver, John Stallworth.

One defensive back aligns himself across from Stallworth, another from Swann. In the Senate, when a Senator of one mind feels it inconvenient to attend a vote, he will ask a colleague who disagrees with him to also skip it, thus "pairing" themselves—the yeas vote of one in effect canceling out the nay of the other, though the official record will indicate neither Senator voted. Essentially,

this is what happens in pro football, and most plays proceed nine vs. nine.

But while the wide receiver is this glamorous knight errant, he is, conversely, the most dependent figure in football, perhaps in all of sport, independent? Why, the wide receiver is as independent as an orphan, fulfilled only when he becomes a ward of the quarterback—or the QB, as Swann always refers to his father figure.

Swann was himself a QB during his senior year in high school, and he was even offered a scholarship by Ara Parseghian, with the understanding that he would be given the opportunity to guide the Notre Dame offense. But Swann



Lynn read his own poetic love vows to Bernadette at their wedding.

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LYNN SWANN (continued)

was not sure of his arm and felt that his fortune and fame lay more in catching passes. Through his junior year at Serra High in San Mateo, Swann had been the receiver for a QB named Jesse Freitas, who went on to nearby Stanford, though he would subsequently transfer to San Diego State. Now, a principal reason that Swann decided to attend Southern Cal was that he feared that if he went to Stanford and, as expected, Freitas was the QB, then no matter how many passes Swann caught, they would never be his; they would just be balls that Jesse Freitas threw for completions. Swann was a high school All-America as a receiver, but he had grave doubts about his ability. He never considered the pros until after his junior season at USC, when the Trojans won the 1972 national title.

For all Swann's success, all his All-Pro selections, his MVP in the '76 Super Bowl—and for all his good nature, too—it still grows at him that he plays a position in which he must always be cast as the back end of the horse. He is certainly not bashful. His manager, Marilyn O'Brien, calls him Ethel, after Ethel Merman, who has never been mistaken for a shrinking violet. "Lynn Swann loves to be onstage, believe me," says his wife, the former Bernadette Robb, who comes from an entertainment family and recognizes the type. So whatever his success between the sideline stripes, Swann is obsessed about making it off the field, visible as a single.

"As long as the QB is the star, I'll always be just another guy out there, and that hurts," Swann says. "Now this isn't whining. A wide receiver gets more attention than a lot of other positions. You take Mike Webster [the Steeler center]. He goes one-to-one against every noseguard and defensive tackle in the league, nobody gets past him, and most fans don't even know his name. And it isn't personal. Please. If anything, Bradshaw deserves even more credit, for all the abuse he's taken. But last year, when we won again, it wasn't just the Steelers. For the first time, it was Terry Bradshaw and the Steelers. And it jolted me back to reality. All of a sudden I realized that no matter how good a wide receiver you are, you're always going to be in the QB's shadow. It's just a fact."

And you don't like it?

"I never believe in settling for second best."

And you love the limelight?

"Look, I'm a ham." (*Big, cute smile.*) "If I could sing, I'd be dangerous." (*Fugue, cute smile.*)

Footnote: Bradshaw is also a putative entertainer. He can sing, and not badly. And for something to do with his hands, he plays the guitar while he warbles. But if Swann cannot sing, he has been tap-dancing since the fourth grade, and he does it very well indeed.

Last March, Bradshaw and Swann went to Utah to tape a CBS special, *The National Cheerleading Competition*, which was co-hosted by an old QB named Joe Namath. The script called for Bradshaw and Namath to banter for a while, and then the two Steelers were to perform, Bradshaw strumming his guitar as backup to Swann's tapping. Swann was terrific. But when the show was telecast, Swann

had been edited into a perfunctory role, and the bit was almost entirely Namath and Bradshaw joking, and Bradshaw playing the guitar, while his pal, the colored fellow, did a few steps in the background. Thus it is always with QBs and wide receivers.

Swann is not, of course, deprived, as we know it. For playing a second banana, he'll make about \$170,000 this year, but because his subordinate position limits him so in football, his greater desires are on the world at large, coast-to-coast. He longs to become the first wide receiver to attain Namathian, Simpsonian status, to become what he and Marilyn O'Brien always refer to as "a national spokesman." Lest conflict of interest endanger any lurking countrywide contract, Swann has already turned down a number of local endorsements for such varied merchandise as clothing, soft drinks, canned goods and tires.

It is a measure of Swann's equanimity, as well as of these more tolerant television times—not only of O.J., but of Reggie promoting candy bars and Bill Cosby spokesmaning for every product in Christendom not hawked by Ed McMahon—that he never even mentions the matter of his race being a deterrent to the household-wordness he desires. Still, the question is: Can a little black wide receiver from an old industrial city go where only backs have ever been?

In this campaign for fame, playing for the Steelers cuts two ways. On the one hand, the champions are so good that nobody, not even the QB, can attract all the attention. Swann himself is often employed more as an implied threat than one realized. His statistics last season—61 catches for 880 yards and 11 TDs—were outstanding and his best, but not the monster numbers that might accrue to a flanker of his talents on a lesser team that doesn't waste a lot of precious time la-

continued



Never a shrinking violet, Swann once gave off the peeing soft shoe

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LYNN SWANN continued

horing at trench warfare. Significantly, against playoff teams, when the Steelers can't be so bossy, they turn more to Swann. His playoff statistics are well above his regular-season figures, and his best game ever was the '76 Super Bowl.

The presence of the gifted Stallworth on the other wing specifically complicates the issue. They are friendly rivals, sure enough, but the emphasis is often on the latter word. On almost any other club, Stallworth would be the hallyhoed prime receiver. On the Steelers, he is to Swann what Swann is to Bradshaw. The two receivers arrived the same season, too—Swann the passyout first-round draft choice from USC and the Rose Bowl, Stallworth a fourth-round pick from, uh, Alabama A&M. Swann always goes to the Pro Bowl, Stallworth goes home to Huntsville. Yet this year, Swann has endured a freak injury—a bruised hip left toe—and then a hamstring pull. He has missed a great deal of action, and he trails Stallworth in all receiving categories.

"How many did you catch yesterday?" Swann asked Stallworth after a game early this season. The correct answer was six, and had Stallworth wanted to be diplomatic, he would've feigned ignorance of such tacky minutiae. Instead, Stallworth took the opportunity to smile and reply, "Four more than you." And they both laughed, sort of.

Of course, the preeminence of the Steelers lends a luster to Swann's reputation that he could obtain nowhere else, even if he were setting individual records in a more chic metropolis. He has never wanted to play for any other team. Keep in mind that it takes a great deal to raise the ire of Lynn Curtis Swann. It is, then, especially revealing that the one thing that appears to have gotten stuck in Swann's craw is that the Dallas Cowboys, undisputed Super Bowl losers, have anointed themselves as "America's Team." Swann heard this on the P.A. when the Steelers played an exhibition in Dallas, and it irritated him so that he still brings it up regularly.

And certainly he is right to protest the Cowboys' supercilious claim. Even if Dallas were champion, the Cowboys are never perceived as a team, only as an organization. The Steelers, by contrast, are pretty much a collection of personalities who never enjoyed any real fame until

they came to Pittsburgh. Swann is the rare Steeler to hail from a glumour campus. But his effervescent nature—"I'm actually envious of his personality," says Pittsburgh Safety Mike Wagner—has endeared him to his more unprejudiced teammates. The hard-boiled veterans could not believe it when as a rookie Swann started bringing donuts for the whole damn team every Tuesday. Along with his toothy smile, Swann is also so brimming with quotations, slogans, lyrics, poetry (his own and otherwise) that more worldly observers suspect that he must be putting them on, that perhaps he has caught a touch of something from Steve Garvey. But Swann is so enthusiastic, gets so carried away, that he is literally incapable of recognizing his own exuberant self.

Most weeks during the season, the Steeler receivers meet for dinner, and in an effort to establish even more esprit de corps, they started playing an after-dinner game last year. Each man's name was written on a slip of paper, and they were deposited, folded, in a pile. In turn, each receiver would draw a slip and portray the colleague named. Stallworth once drew Swann. "It was easiest of all to play Lynn," Stallworth says. "All I had to do was to get bubbly and keep saying, 'Hey, I've got a great idea, I've got a great idea!'" Swann had no idea whom Stallworth was acting out, although the other receivers all recognized him immediately and broke up.

Unlike so many other hotshot Sunbelt athletes, Swann has adjusted well to his new old-world America address. He makes no bones about preferring Los Angeles—"I like the diversity there, the greater challenges and opportunities it offers me"—but he accepts Pittsburgh for what it is, a real second home. In L.A., Swann drives a Porsche and lives in a condominium near the Pacific; in Pittsburgh, he drives a Jeep and lives in a house in the suburbs.

But now he was downtown, sitting at the edge of Point Park, his legs dangling just above the water at that precise spot where the Monongahela and the Allegheny flow together to form the Ohio. "Each year I look forward to coming back here more," he said. "They're good people, and they make me feel comfortable. In a certain way, I feel that Pittsburgh is more my home."

Continued

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"It's a pretty place, isn't it?" He swept his arm toward the green backdrop of hills across the rivers from downtown. Unfortunately, Pittsburgh still suffers its shabby old mill image, but it is a solid place, built upon hills and neighborhoods, a heterosexual's San Francisco—for all its sloping topography, straight in most ways. In Pittsburgh, devotion is lavished not only on the game's executives and craftsmen—the QBs, runners and pass catchers—but also on its grubbier wage earners, notably the linebackers. In Pittsburgh you can buy T-shirts commemorating the local linebackers.

But then, Pittsburgh has its factory heritage, and linebackers, after all, are the foremen of football. And, too, a football team is really quite like a factory, with each job category—interior linemen, defensive secondary, suicide squad—performing a task on the assembly line. "Football is so specialized that the players are never as close as teammates in other sports," Swann says. "Why, once the season starts, we're only on the road a night at a time a few times a year."

Anyway, in Pittsburgh, in the smelters and boardrooms alike, the Pirates have lost the town to the Steelers. One reason—it is whispered—is that the Pirates field too black a nine, lacking an attractive white star since Dick Groat two decades ago. With Bradshaw and the predominantly white linebackers, this does not seem to be a problem for the Steelers.

Swann himself is, as he declares, "just not race conscious," but he has not arrived at this estate by virtue of being what glib Fourth of July orators call "color blind." On the contrary, his evenhanded tolerance derives more from his having been abused by members of both races. Color blindness tends, just like color awareness, to reveal, at best, superficiality in the eye of the beholder. Swann seems to look a bit askance when ingratiating white strangers advertise their goodwill by laying a soul handshake on the famous brother. Having been wounded by "racial games" on both sides, Swann says he is inclined to pay less attention to races and more to persons.

He was born in the segregated South in the company town of Alcoa, Tenn., but Swann never encountered Jim Crow, because his father, Willie, an airplane maintenance worker, moved the family to the Bay Area when Lynn was two.

The Swanns lived a typical lower-middle-class, upwardly mobile existence; they worked, studied and paid the rent. Mrs. Swann, Mildred, went to college and rose from domestic to dental assistant. Lynn's older brother, Brian, has become a dentist. Lynn, a Baptist, won an academic scholarship to Serra High, a Catholic school, where he was one of a handful of blacks. And there, for the first time, he got mousetrapped.

He discovered that a great many of the white classmates who were his bosom pals when he was starring in sports for dear old Serra had little use for him once the season was over. Even more perplexing, Swann found that many black friends wrote him off for going to a white school and for taking on what they considered to be white airs. Even as a young child, his own cousins taunted him for "speaking properly."

It is not, understand, that Swann doesn't talk like an average uneducated ghetto black. He doesn't even talk like an average allegedly educated suburban athlete. Never does a sentence begin with "O.K.," and he has so thoroughly exorcised "you know" from his speech that now it never appears, not even in the most offhand conversation. A great deal of Swann may be described as California Golden Universal—and race is no function of this persona, only style and outlook and eternal youth. If there are two athletes Swann most brings to mind, they would be Tom Seaver and Bruce Jenner, who share with him both orderliness and panache, which rarely go together in handsome young men.

But it is not always smooth for Swann. In the NFL, it has been the prize much black toughs who have gone out of their way to bust up and bring down the fashionable kid who moves so effortlessly in the white world. And before that, at Southern Cal, where Swann says he "made a conscious effort to get some black racial identity back," he was castigated by many black students for his speech and for choosing to room with a white, Tom McBreen. A childhood friend, McBreen, now a doctor, was an Olympic swimmer who subsequently was Swann's best man. Swann also shares, in common with Bradshaw, Pete Rozelle, Donnie Osmond, Catfish Hunter and Senator John Warner, that most typical of all things American: a white mother-

in-law. His father-in-law is Paul Robi, arranger and lead singer with the Platters.

"What am I supposed to do?" Swann says, "I just happen to feel comfortable wherever I go in the world. But it's hard to win. The American dream is to succeed, to move on to higher economic levels, but if you're black and you succeed, then you can be sure that some blacks will claim that you are turning your back on your black roots."

And worse yet, some whites . . . On the night of Jan. 31, 1974, when Swann was celebrating his selection as the top Steeler draft choice, he was arrested and jailed by the San Francisco Police Department—largely, he feels, for committing the crime of being black. Charged with resisting arrest and battery, Swann was acquitted by a jury in July 1974. Swann—and his two brothers and a cousin, who were likewise charged—sued the city for \$2 million for false arrest; the four policemen involved filed a countersuit against the Swanns and their cousin for \$200,000 in damages. The case finally reached the courts last summer, and the three Swanns and their cousin ultimately received a total of \$143,090. The policemen were awarded a total of \$15,000.

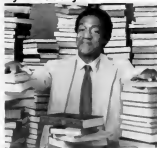
Just as Swann cannot understand why the arresting officers, as Swann reportedly claimed in court, destroyed a college All-Star wristwatch and rapped him repeatedly about the knees with nightsticks when they learned he was a football player, so he is genuinely baffled by the casual brutality in his sport. When in 1976 he publicly protested against what he characterizes as "intentional acts of violence," many in football came down on him not only for being a sissy but also for breaking the unwritten code that gentlemen of the gridiron should always settle up like jungle animals. Defensive Back George Atkinson of the Raiders, who twice gave Swann concussions, derided him as "gutless."

The second Atkinson hit, the one that led Steeler Coach Chuck Noll to refer to Atkinson as part of a "criminal element" in football, very nearly drove Swann from the NFL after only two seasons. "It was bad enough earlier in that game," he says. "At one point Jack Tatum came up behind me in the end zone. The officials didn't see it because I wasn't anywhere

continued

How to read faster

By Bill Cosby



International Paper asked Bill Cosby—who earned his doctorate in education and has been involved in projects which help people learn to read faster—to share what he's learned about reading more in less time.

When I was a kid in Philadelphia, I must have read every comic book ever published. (There were fewer of them then than there are now.)

I zipped through all of them in a couple of days, then reread the good ones until the next issues arrived.

Yes indeed, when I was a kid, the reading game was a snap.

But as I got older, my eyeballs must have slowed down or something! I mean, comic books started to pile up faster than my brother Russell and I could read them!

It wasn't until much later, when I was getting my doctorate, I realized it wasn't my eyeballs that were to blame. Thank goodness. They're still moving as well as ever.

The problem is, there's too much to read these days, and too little time to read every word of it.

Now, mind you, I still read comic books. In addition to contracts, novels, and newspapers. Screenplays, tax returns and correspondence. Even textbooks about how people read. And which techniques help people read more in less time.

I'll let you in on a little secret. There are hundreds of techniques you could learn to help you read

faster. But I know of 3 that are especially good.

And if I can learn them, so can you—and you can put them to use immediately.

They are commonsense, practical ways to get the meaning from printed words quickly and efficiently. So you'll have time to enjoy your comic books, have a good laugh with Mark Twain or a good cry with *War and Peace*. Ready?

Okay. The first two ways can help you get through tons of reading material—fast—without reading every word.

They'll give you the overall meaning of what you're reading. And let you cut out an awful lot of unnecessary reading.

1. Preview—if it's long and hard

Previewing is especially useful for getting a general idea of heavy reading like long magazine or newspaper articles, business reports, and nonfiction books.

It can give you as much as half the comprehension in as little as one tenth the time. For example, you should be able to preview eight or ten 100-page reports in an hour. After previewing, you'll be able to decide which reports (or which parts of which reports) are worth a closer look.

Here's how to preview: Read the entire first two paragraphs of whatever you've chosen. Next read only the first sentence of each successive paragraph.



Learn to read faster and you'll have time for a good laugh with Mark Twain—and a good cry with War and Peace.

Then read the entire last two paragraphs.

Previewing doesn't give you all the details. But it does keep you from spending time on things you don't really want—or need—to read.

Notice that previewing gives you a quick, overall view of long, unfamiliar material. For short, light reading, there's a better technique.

2. Skim—if it's short and simple

Skimming is a good way to get a general idea of light reading—like popular magazines or the sports and entertainment sections of the paper.

You should be able to skim a weekly popular magazine or the second section of your daily paper in less than half the time it takes you to read it now.

Skimming is also a great way to review material you've read before.

Here's how to skim: Think of your eyes as magnets. Force them to move fast. Sweep them across each and every line of type. Pick up only a few key words in each line.

Everybody skims differently.

You and I may not pick up exactly the same words when we skim the same piece, but we'll both get a pretty similar idea of what it's all about.

To show you how it works, I circled the words I picked out when I skimmed the following story. Try it. It shouldn't take you more than 10 seconds.

My brother Russell
thinks monsters
live in our bedroom
closet at night. But
I told him he is crazy.
"Go and check
then," he said.
I didn't want to.
Russell said I was chicken.

"Am not," I said.

"Are so," he said.

So I told him the monsters were going to eat him at midnight. He started to cry. My Dad came in and told the monsters to beat it. Then he told us to go to sleep.

"If I hear any more about monsters," he said, "I'll spank you."

We went to sleep fast. And you know something? They never did come back.

Skimming can give you a very good idea of this story in about half



Read with a good light—and with as few friends as possible to help you out. No TV, no music. It'll help you concentrate better—and read faster.

the words—and in less than half the time it'd take to read every word.

So far, you've seen that pre-viewing and skimming can give you a general idea about content—fast.

But neither technique can promise more than 50 percent comprehension, because you aren't reading all the words. (Nobody gets something for nothing in the reading game.)

To read faster and understand most—if not all—of what you read, you need to know a third technique.

3. Cluster—to increase speed and comprehension

Most of us learned to read by looking at each word in a sentence—one at a time.

Like this:

My—brother—Russell—thinks—monsters—

You probably still read this way sometimes, especially when the words are difficult. Or when the words have an extra-special meaning—as in a poem, a Shakespearean

play, or a contract. And that's O.K.

But word-by-word reading is a rotten way to read faster. It actually cuts down on your speed.

Clustering trains you to look at groups of words instead of one at a time—to increase your speed enormously. For most of us, clustering is a totally different way of seeing what we read.

Here's how to cluster: Train your eyes to see all the words in clusters of up to 3 or 4 words at a glance.

Here's how I'd cluster the story we just skimmed:

My brother Russell thinks monsters live in our bedroom closet at night. But I told him he is crazy.

"Go and check then," he said. "I didn't want to," Russell said. "I was chicken."

"Am not," I said. "Are so," he said. "So I told him the monsters were going to eat him at midnight."

He started to cry. My Dad came in and told the monsters to beat it. Then he told us to go to sleep.

"If I hear any more about monsters," he said, "I'll spank you."

We went to sleep fast. And you know something? They never did come back.

Learning to read clusters is not something your eyes do naturally. It takes constant practice.

Here's how to go about it: Pick something light to read. Read it as fast as you can. Concentrate on seeing 3 to 4 words at once rather than one word at a time. Then reread

"Preview, skim, and cluster to read faster—except the things you want to read word for word."



the piece at your normal speed to see what you missed the first time.

Try a second piece. First cluster, then reread to see what you missed in this one.

When you can read in clusters without missing much the first time, your speed has increased. Practice 15 minutes every day and you might pick up the technique in a week or so. (But don't be disappointed if it takes longer. Clustering everything takes time and practice.)

So now you have 3 ways to help you read faster. Preview to cut down on unnecessary heavy reading. Skim to get a quick, general idea of light reading. And cluster to increase your speed and comprehension.

With enough practice, you'll be able to handle more reading at school or work—and at home—in less time. You should even have enough time to read your favorite comic books—and *War and Peace*!

Ben C. Holt

Years ago, International Paper sponsored a series of advertisements, "Send me a man who reads," to help make Americans more aware of the value of reading.

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near the ball, but Tatum left his feet so he could hit me full force in the back of the head. I was still dazed from that in the second half when I caught a pass over the middle, and Atkinson tackled me around the head.

"That put me in the hospital, but what was really frightening was that this time what Atkinson did to me was a quote-unquote legal hit. After that, I thought to myself, 'Whoa, this is not what I came here for.'"

Swann came out of the hospital to be named MVP in the '76 Super Bowl, in which the Steelers beat the Cowboys, but the euphoria of that triumph did not erase the harsh memory of the Oakland ferocity. In the months that followed, Swann all but made up his mind to retire. In explaining why he finally decided to come back, he employs one of his Norman Vincent Peale sermonettes:

"That thing about Atkinson and my thinking about retiring was the biggest thing I've had to overcome in my life. For once, things just didn't go right for me. But I was traveling in Europe, and I ended up sking in Innsbruck. I wasn't doing very well at it and I decided to go home. But then, all of a sudden, I said no. I bought some new equipment and I decided to stay until I beat that mountain. And it took me four or five more days, but I did, and that's when I decided to meet football head on, too, so I came back to play." He pauses. "But the mountain is still there. For someone else. And there's no mountain in life that someone else hasn't climbed."

He talks that way. He really does. It's the gorilla in him. Around his neck he wears a gold pendant with a swan etched on one side, and on the other, his words: MY FRIENDS ARE MY LIFE, SHARE MY LOVE. He gave duplicates of it to his family and closest friends. At his wedding in June, before 500 guests, he interrupted the traditional service to read love vows he had composed himself to his bride, culminating: "My soul is your soul, and time is our instrument to build life upon love." Even his signature is lyrical, almost carved with painstaking care.

One girl friend broke up with him be-

cause, in this unlettered, narcissistic age, she could not deal with a man who poured out mushy love poems to her. Bernadette and Lynn drink seldom, but when they do, it must be champagne. "With Lynn, it's roses and champagne, all the time," she says. And donuts, with love. He will latch on to any excuse to wear tails; last year he gave a Halloween party and came as Dracula. He would not live with Bernadette before they were married, fearful that it would spoil his vision: "Marriage is something

Swann's ornate autograph qualifies as a real piece of art

you should do just once, and you ought to do it right."

It is not a matter of Swann being a different sort of football player. It is more the other way round, that the strangest aspect to his being is that he plays this fierce, tumultuous war sport. In his childhood, his heroes were not athletes but just entertainers and swashbucklers. When he learned he had been drafted by Pittsburgh, all he knew about the Steelers was that there was a black guy on the team with an Italian name and they had "nice-looking uniforms."

Just as his agent says that Swann "transcends" race, so in many of the right ways is the manly Swann temperamentally androgynous. Indeed, his mother longed that he, the last of her three children, would be a girl, and hoping that wishing would make it so, she had no boy's names on tap. So she named the baby after Dr. Lynn Curtis, because she liked the obstetrician and his name. So does the recipient. He has been advised that Lynn means a love of life, Curtis refers to courtesy, and Swann signifies beauty and grace. The superfluous double letter at the end of his surname—shades of old Jimmy Fox—indicates, Swann has been told, some kind of special extra power. Has any athlete ever carried a name so befitting? Strip-teasers lie awake at night trying to dream up apt stage

names. Even Swann's number is appropriate: double eights to match the double six. Eight beats is a base number for dance; 88 keys on the piano. "I've always seen myself as put to music," Swann says.

His mother introduced him to dance, his older brother Calvin to sports. He was a natural at both, and he would tag after Calvin and try whatever games his brother was playing. So, from the first, Lynn was invariably among the smallest players and he learned to play the bigger boys' game and not be intimidated by foolish

size. Oh yes, he does too see everybody waiting for him over the middle, but if fate has made you a baton, then twirl yourself onto center stage. "Whenever I come to the huddle late in a game," Swann says, "I want my team to know, 'Hey, I may have been out there alone all day, doing nothing

but I'll be ready for you when you need me for the big play.'"

Significantly, he then finds a show-business metaphor to explain this better, saying, "If I ever have my own TV special, I know exactly how I'm going to open—with *The Ugly Duckling* from Hans Christian Andersen: There once was an ugly duckling, with feathers all dirty and brown. That's me."

But you were never ugly. "Yeah, but I was always the smallest, so I had to learn to play a smarter game. It's the same sort of thing. And I'll come out in this feathery costume and stumble all around, and then I'll break out of that and I'll be dancing in white tie and tails."

When Swann showed up at the Steelers' camp this summer, a couple weeks late because of the trial in San Francisco, an adoring fan was waiting there for his return. She watched him run extra sprints after practice. Chuck Noll is a football coach, and this player was late reporting; don't tell me about trials, plagues, famines, earthquakes, nuclear holocausts, we have a football camp to run here. The coach had Swann running laps till he dropped. And Swann did as he was bid, smiling after the pain. He loves football. He really does. It's part of his life, isn't it?

The lady watched him, and she said, "Now it's sunny and 88 again in Pittsburgh."



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NOSTALGIA

by **BL GILBERT**

A FORGOTTEN MAN ENDOWED WITH TRUE GRIT SET A LAND-SPEED RECORD IN 1848

Given the pride we Americans often take in our reputation and ability as hustlers, it seems a pity, almost a historical injustice, that there are not statues in our parks, calendar portraits in barbershops, even grade-school pageants commemorating the life of F. X. Aubry. In his day—more than a century and a quarter ago—Aubry, a wispy, hyperactive young man, was generally acclaimed as the greatest of all hustlers, the hardest of hard chargers. Though now relegated to historical footnotes, his accomplishments were such as to give him a solid claim to these titles.

Before he was 30, Aubry had hustled himself into and out of several fortunes as a caravan master in the Santa Fe trade—a uniquely dangerous, competitive and romantic endeavor. He had also become something of a national role model for fast-talking, fast-thinking entrepreneurs. In 1848 he performed a series of athletic feats that made him a national hero on the order of a Crockett, Lindbergh or Ruth. During that year, Aubry rode a lot of horses and mules farther, harder and faster than anyone ever had or has since. He set some amazing land-speed records that may never be equaled and, even more dramatically, he expanded the known limits of what flesh and blood could endure and true grit could accomplish.

Aubry was born in 1824 on a hard-scrabble farm in Quebec and emigrated to St. Louis when he was 18 for traditional Horatio Alger reasons. Along with

an iron constitution, he was well endowed with *chutzpah*. In 1846 he talked his employers—he was a clerk in a dry-goods store—into lending him enough money to equip two wagons for the Santa Fe trade, then the most promising get-rich-quick game on the frontier.

It had flourished because Mexican authorities were unable to establish regular supply lines to their northern provinces in western Texas and New Mexico. Santa Feans were desperate for European-style commodities: textiles, metal work, all manner of trinkets and tools. Missouri traders, operating mostly out of Independence, had begun in the 1820s to drive 2½-ton freight wagons across the 800 miles of wilderness to Santa Fe. Depending upon the political conditions of the moment, they often had to smuggle and/or bribe their way into the mountain city, but these were small concerns when balanced against the fact that goods purchased in Missouri could be turned over in Mexico for a 100% profit.

The catch—and the reason not everyone in Missouri was a trader—was getting the wagons to the market. There was no road and there were a lot of unbridged rivers, mudholes, deserts, mountains, blizzards, sandstorms and quicksand. The trip to Santa Fe involved running a gauntlet of hostile Apaches, Comanches, Pawnees and, occasionally, Cheyenne and Sioux as well. The Indians, like the Missouri traders, were materialists. They wanted not only the goods in the wagons but also the horses, mules, guns, powder and scalps of the wagoners. Violent skirmishes were prevalent; brutality and treachery were common to both sides. On one trip from Missouri one of Aubry's teamsters was walking a few paces ahead of his lead span when an Indian leaped out of the brush, pumped an arrow into the man, scalped him and disappeared before the other Missourians could even draw on him. There were few years during the

Santa Fe trade when a hundred or so men, red and white, were not rubbed out while seeking their fortunes.

On his first venture, in late spring, Aubry attached his two wagons to a larger train and reached Santa Fe with only the ordinary extraordinary difficulties. He sold out quickly and was back in St. Louis by early fall, having turned a profit of several thousand dollars. That winter, while trading in Wisconsin, he gave much thought to the Santa Fe trade. The demand for American goods was all but unlimited, and the more of it a man could freight into Mexico, the richer he would be. However, making up larger caravans was not a practical solution because wagons, teams and teamsters were in scarce supply in Missouri. The answer, Aubry concluded, was speed—to get a wagon back and forth to Santa Fe much more often than heretofore.

Investing \$6,000 in wagons and goods, Aubry left Independence in April of 1847, got to Santa Fe and was sold out by July. Then he hustled back to Missouri, sprinting the last 300 miles to Independence alone, on horseback, in an unheard-of four days. He refitted and returned to Santa Fe with another wagon train by the first of November. That "Little Aubry," as he was mockingly called, had made two trading trips in a single season was big news, widely reported in the frontier press. Among other things, Aubry was a born publicity hound. It was his practice upon arriving in a settlement, no matter how dry or saddle sore he might be, to head for the local newspaper office where he fed grateful editors all the colorful Wild-West stories they might want.

Aubry was not content, however, to lounge away the winter in Santa Fe counting his money. He announced that he was going back to Missouri, traveling in midwinter—justifiably regarded as the suicide season—and that he intended to make the ride in an unprecedented 18 days. His reputation was already such that the proposal was taken seriously. Analyzing the prospect, the *Santa Fe Republican* commented in its Nov. 27, 1847 edition that if anyone could do such a thing, Aubry would, "as he is one of nature's most persevering children."

Aubry found four other frontiersmen willing to risk the trip, and they set off in snow on Dec. 22, driving a ramada of racing mules ahead of them as remounts. The other men dropped out after several hundred miles but Aubry "persevered."

continued



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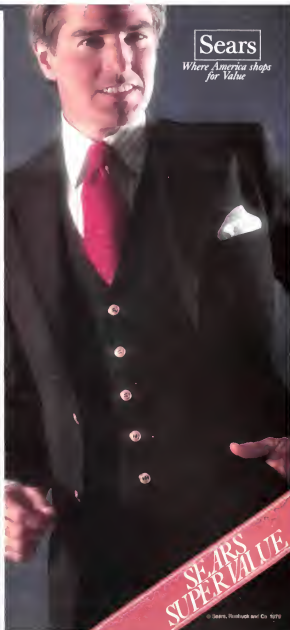
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NOSTALGIA

He lost 10 mules when ambushed by a band of Mexican marauders, was delayed half a day in a blizzard and spent most of another hiding from an Indian war party. After riding three horses to death he arrived in Independence, 800 miles from Santa Fe, in only 15 days. The previous record, set in 1846 by Norris Colburn, was 24 days. Aubry had cut a full nine days from it, and inspired an immediate and sensational national news story. Even the august *New York Weekly Tribune* devoted a front-page story to the exploits of Aubry, whom creative feature writers were beginning to call the "Skimmer of the Plains."

Pausing only to accommodate the press and encourage investors, the Skimmer organized another train and left from Independence in March, a month earlier than anyone had ever set out with wagons. He arrived in Santa Fe in April, made a handsome profit as the first trader into town and then let fly another challenge—that he would ride back to Missouri in 10 days. This was too big a brag for the mountaineers, fur trappers and traders of Santa Fe to accept passively. Betting began. Aubry would only say that a good many "10s and 20s" turned up against him, but local rumor had it that there was \$10,000 in "up money" against the Skimmer. He covered and started off on May 19. The weather was better than it had been on the winter ride, but everything else was much worse. Two hundred miles out of Santa Fe he was bushwhacked, robbed and held for ransom by the Comanches. He escaped the same night and walked 40 miles to Fort Mann where he bought a remount. Thereafter he rode 72 hours without leaving the saddle except to change horses, three of which died underneath him. He made it to Independence in eight days and 10 hours. The *Daily Missouri Republican* described the ride as "unexampled." A few weeks later Aubry was back in Santa Fe with another caravan of trade goods. Through the press he made it known that his return to Missouri would break all his previous riding records. Again money turned up against him, but not so much as before because, as the faithful *Santa Fe Republican* was to remark, "This gentleman travels with a rapidity almost super-natural." Also, it was known that for the ultimate record-setting attempt, the Skimmer had made special preparations, on the way out from Missouri he had stashed fresh

mounts in military posts along the trail.

Aubry left before dawn on Sept. 12, 1848. He was riding a big yellow mare named Dolly who was to become almost as famous as her rider. On her was a Grimsley dragon saddle, the prototype of a model which would be favored by Confederate cavalymen like Jeb Stuart. Aubry later endorsed the Grimsley, becoming one of the first American athletes to hit on the profitable notion of making commercials.

About 125 miles out of Santa Fe, bent over Dolly's neck, pounding down the trail, Aubry met an old friend, Alexander Majors, then a teamster but later, as one of the founders of the Pony Express, judged to be a great rider himself. Majors later wrote that Aubry flew past his caravan "at full gallop without asking a single question as to the danger of the Indians ahead."

There were no Indians this time but the weather was terrible. For 600 miles Aubry rode through rain and mud and swam across flooded streams and rivers. The gallant Dolly earned him the first 200 miles in 26 hours (and lived to carry her owner on subsequent adventures). He left her at a livery and took the best of his remounts. Thereafter he ate only six times and slept as he could, having lashed himself to his dragon saddle. On the evening of Sept. 17, his "famous horse" fell, half staggered down the main street of Independence—five days, 16 hours and 800 miles from Santa Fe. Aubry was cut from the saddle, to which he was affixed not only by the ropes but by his own dried blood. Wobbling to the Noland House, he ate ham and eggs, drank a cup of coffee and then went to bed, leaving a wake-up call for three hours hence. The sympathetic proprietor let him sleep six hours and for his kindness received a tongue lashing. "He was rather wrathly," said an eyewitness of Aubry, "in telling Noland he preferred taking his food and rest in broken doses and that they were working against him with their intended kindness."

Though his own Pony Expressmen were to make some faster sprints of a hundred miles or so, years later Majors maintained that Aubry's ride was "the most remarkable ever made by man," and that only "one in a million" would be courageous enough to even attempt what he had.

Satisfied that neither he nor any other mortal could ride harder, Aubry made

continued

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NOSTALGIA continued

no further record attempts. Over the next six years he tried a few other schemes, the last of which was promoting a railroad route that would connect California with the eastern states and pass through Santa Fe, which had become his base of operations and investment. This last hustle led directly to his violent death.

Returning to Santa Fe from a California expedition in August 1854, Aubrey went to a cantina to wet his whistle. There he struck up a conversation with one Richard H. Weightman. Having served as a captain in the Mexican War, Weightman had settled in the Southwest, where he practiced law, was elected to Congress and published a newspaper. Like Aubrey, he was a prominent man, noted for his courage and quick temper.

There had already been conflict between the two, principally because Weightman and his paper backed a different railroad route from the one Aubrey was promoting. In the cantina Aubrey started needling Weightman on the subject, asking how his newspaper was doing. (It had gone bankrupt a few months before, as Aubrey must have known.) Weightman replied rather amiably that the publication had died a natural death—due to lack of subscribers. Angry Aubrey said it deserved to die because of the lies it had printed and the "abuse" it had heaped on him in regard to railroad politics. Weightman threw his drink in Aubrey's face. The little man went for his pistol, but it misfired, sending a slug harmlessly into the ceiling. Weightman had no gun but was packing a Bowie knife.

With one swift pass, he dispatched the Skimmer of the Plains, whose last words were, "Let me bleed." He died on that cantina floor on Aug. 18, 1854, a few months before his 30th birthday.

There was a quick trial, and though Aubrey was said to be much the more popular man, the jury acquitted Weightman after less than an hour's deliberation. Community feeling was that, given the prevailing Code of the West, it had been an unlucky but unavoidable accident—one of the men was bound to die and the Skimmer's number had turned.

Aubrey was widely eulogized. Among the many obituaries was one that appeared in the *Daily Missouri Democrat*. It concluded, "Monuments have been raised to men of inferior character and less renown."

The point still seems a valid one. **END**

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Grand Macnish Sports Flashback

NEW YORK, 1969—As the Super Bowl champion New York Jets prepared to meet the Miami Dolphins for the seventh time in league competition, it was to mark the end of one reign and the beginning of another.

The Jets had dominated Miami in six previous engagements, winning them all. But this was to be New York's last big season before a new coach and new personnel would make the Dolphins the first dynasty of the '70s in the American Football Conference of the NFL.

The Jets would again top their division this season, only to lose to Kansas City in the Inter-divisional playoffs. They would finish the regular season with a record of 10-4. Miami would wind up 3-10-1.

Matt Snell, the only Jet to have scored a touchdown in New

York's upset of the decade over Baltimore in the previous Super Bowl, pulled out his helmet as he looked over the young, inexperienced Dolphins taking the field on this blustery day in Shea Stadium. This would be the last time that Snell would lace the Dolphins in New York.

The Jets expected another easy afternoon. Over on the other side of the field, the attitude was different.

Manny Fernandez, a second-year tackle from Utah who earned 280 pounds on his 6-foot-2 frame, was the young leader of the Miami defensive corps, and he was firing them up for a spirited effort against the Jets. "You can't let Snell get away on the sweep," he warned.

Early in the game, Snell took a pitchout and picked up his blockers for a sweep to the

right side, but he was met at the line of scrimmage by the quick-moving

Fernandez.

"Nice hit, kid. Snell smiled. Where did you come from?"

"Utah," Fernandez cracked. "And the name is Fernandez."

Snell would remember the name, along with the rest of the football world, because Manny Fernandez was to become the first name in Miami's new "No Name Defense," the scourge of the NFL in its time.

Snell was having a good first half, and he got away from fast Manny a couple of times for key gains. But the Dolphins were fired up. And before the end of the first half, Fernandez played into a Jet running back and produced a fumble, which Miami turned into a touchdown. They led at halftime, 21-0.

As the third period began things got even hotter. Snell, on an option play, lofted a pass over

the outstretched arms of the charging Fernandez to set up another TD, which Snell himself punched over from the one—Fernandez hanging on his heels.

They battled into the final period, and the score was tied 31-31, before Snell rammed over a touchdown to put New York in field goal position. The attempt was good as the Jets finally pulled it out, 34-31.

"I would have gone all the way a couple of times if it weren't for Fernandez," Snell remembers.

He was one of the quickest defensive tackles I ever saw.

On the pass option, Fernandez surprised me. He almost blocked it. I'll tell you, I'd like to play that game over again.

"I'd like to play it over again too," smiles Manny. This time we'd win it. Most of us are younger than Snell is."

Over the years, Matt and Manny have seen eye to eye on very few things.

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MATT SNELL



MANNY FERNANDEZ



Isn't it time we met?

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 25-Dec. 2

Compiled by BILL COLSON

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA. Despite 50 points from Utah's Adrian Dantley, Los Angeles handed the Jazz their 14th straight defeat, 123-118. But three nights after Dantley's 39-point outburst, as Cleveland beat Golden State 124-104 for its third victory of the season, The Jazz made a return to a row by sweeping Seattle 91-81. Earlier the Spurs had to twice rebound the best shooting of Gus Williams. He had 17 points in a 101-82 defeat of Kansas City and 40 in a 127-116 victory over the Suns, who lost the first-place Santos in the Pacific Division by 611. John Drew poured in 40 points, gave more than Sam Austin's George Gervin, to hit the Hawks to a 143-120 win over the Spurs and into first place in the Central Division. Milwaukee increased in Milwaukee Division lead to 10 over the first-place Indiana 81-79 and Golden State 106-99. Those victories followed a 118-92 win to New Jersey, which got 15 points from Mike Smith. In a subgame 127-114 win over Denver, Newlin had 39. Philadelphia knocked off Cleveland 117-93 for an sixth straight victory, but the Spurs could pick up only half a game on Boston in the Atlantic Division. The Celtics, who have won six in a row, defeated Denver 119-97 behind Larry Bird's 29 points and Chris Ford's five three-pointers, and New York 105-77 to remain unbeaten at home. They then traveled to Indianapolis, where they edged the Pacers 106-103 in overtime.

WHL. Iowa's Michael Gaez-Milly Bailey, the league's top scorer with 35.7 points per game, had 25 in an 81-68 win over Milwaukee and 44 in a 121-111 defeat of Chicago to keep the Cincinnati Bengals. Houston, the other undefeated team, beat Milwaukee twice, 107-84 and 74-62 and New Jersey 97-83.

BOXING—MCA's TONY LOMARDINO stopped Wilfred Benitez in the 15th round to win the WBC welterweight title in Las Vegas. On the same card, VITO ANTONIO HERNANDEZ retained his world middleweight crown by knocking out a draw with Marvin Haider. MARVIN HADENSON won the WBA light heavyweight championship with an 11th round K.O. of Victor Galandier in New Orleans (page 26).

FIELD HOCKEY—CAL STATE LONG BEACH beat Penn State 2-0 in Princeton, N.J. to win the AIAW Division I championship.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—ITHACA (N.Y.) COLLEGE beat Westminster of Ohio 18-10 in the Arroyo Athletic Bowl to win the Division III title. In Division I a play Houston won the Cotton Bowl by beating Texas 43-0 while Texas A&M was splitting Texas 13-7. Pittsburgh rallied to beat Penn State 20-14. Syracuse's Army 20-7 and undefeated Alabama secured a Sugar Bowl bid by knocking off Auburn 25-18.

PRO FOOTBALL—Mike Pinner carried the ball 25 times for 111 yards and scored twice in Cleveland beat Houston 18-7. The Jets dropped the Oilers out of a tie for the AFC Central lead with Pittsburgh, which was a 27-17 win over Cincinnati. Starter Quarterback Terry Bradshaw completed 17 of 29 passes for 337 yards and two touchdowns—both by Lynn Swann. Steve Wallace 98—and Franco Harris, who picked up 92 yards on 30 carries, surpassed the 1,000-yard mark for the seventh time. Only Jim Brown has had a similar 1,000-yard season. Harris also moved past Joe Perry who fourth place on the career rushing list with 4,404 yards. Quarterback Steve Bartkowski completed 16 of 24 passes in the final 2:03 of play, including a six-yard TD throw to Wallace. Franco Harris with 21 seconds remaining, hit Earl Anthony to a 18-16 upset of San Diego. The Chargers, who wasted Dan Fouts' sixth 38-yard passing performance of the season, now now lead for first in the AFC West with Denver. The Broncos moved onto the knockout by beating Buffalo 19-14. Although the Denver defense forced seven turnovers, the offense was in trouble until the offense moved 60 yards in the final 18 seconds to set up Jim Turner's game-winning 12-yard field goal. Pittsburgh crushed Detroit 44-7 to top a game up on Dallas and Washington in the NFC East and Chicago beat a wild-card spot in the playoffs. Leading the Eagles were Harold Carmichael, who passed five times for 94 yards and a pair of TDs, and Herb Brooks, who ran for 104 yards on 22 carries, and a campy defense that held the Lions to only five first downs. Joe Thompson's four touchdowns proved the Redskins to a 18-20 come-from-behind win over Green Bay. The Dallas rolled over the Giants 20-7 behind Roger Staubach's three TD passes to Drew Pearson. For the second straight week Tampa Bay failed to catch the NFL Central title. This time the Bucs lost 14-0 to Chicago,

which converted a blocked punt and an interception into touchdowns. With almost seven minutes left, the offense and the ball on the Minnesota five-yard line, Los Angeles lined up for a field-goal attempt. But instead of putting the ball down for Frank Corral to kick, holder Nolan Cromwell swiped around left and for the score giving the Rams a 27-13 victory. In other games, St. Louis beat San Francisco 13-10. Kansas City upset Seattle 37-21, the Jets, who had lost 30-14 on Monday night to the Seahawks, defeated Baltimore 30-8, and Miami regained sole possession of first in the AFC East by defeating New England 39-24 (page 68).

HOCKEY—NHL. After 17 and 17:28 NHL games, but it finally happened. Early in the third period in Detroit, after the Red Wings had pulled their stand-up New York Islanders, Phil Smith made a save that sent the puck sliding to the left of the cage. There Colorado's Rick Rasmussen took it and attempted to pass it to teammate Ingevald, the puck sailed the length of the ice into the veteran Colorado net, and Smith, the last Islander to touch it, became the first goalie in league history to be credited with a goal. But Smith's score wasn't nearly enough, as Colorado, which had never beaten the Islanders, won 7-4. Faced by Reggie Leach, who scored twice, the Flyers lost Hartford 6-2. Philadelphia, which leads the league with 28 points, edged Minnesota 6-4 and tied Toronto 4-4 to extend to unbeaten streak to 20 games. Boston, Buffalo and Montreal are tied for second in points with 13. After beating the Canadiens 4-2, the Bruins lost 6-3 to Detroit and 3-0 to the Sabres. Buffalo, which has won seven of its last eight games, defeated Minnesota 4-2 and the Rangers 2-1. Following its loss to Boston, Montreal edged St. Louis 3-2 and slayed to 4-4 tie with Hartford and the New Wings. Gary Adams had a hat trick and Greg Malone contributed six assists in Pittsburgh, outscored Quebec's warden, starting in a 5-1 with a 7-2 triumph. The score and the outcome were the same when the Nordiques later faced Washington, which had gone 10 games without victory.

MARATHON—TOSHIOHITO SAKO ran a 2:09.35 to win Japan's Fukuoka Marathon for the second straight year. Shigeru Shiohara finished 20 seconds behind him.

TENNIS—HANA MANDLIKOVA, defeated Wendy Turnbull 6-3, 6-2 to win \$10,000 tournament in Melbourne, Australia.

HILFPOETS—TIED. As coach of the NFL St. Louis Cardinals, RUD WILKINSON, after he rejected a suggestion by team president William Bidwell to start back-up Quarterback Steve Fankhauser in place of regular signal-caller Joe Hart. Wilkenson had a record of 9-20. Former Cardinal Safety LARRY WILSON was named as an interim replacement.

BRIEF—As football coach at Oregon State, JOE AZEVEDO, 36, who had been offered coaching at Tennessee for the past three seasons.

As football coach at Louisiana State, ROBERT (BO) BEIN, 34, who guided North Carolina State to a 27-18-1 record over the past four seasons.

NAMED—Winner of the National League's Bookie of the Year award, Pitcher RICK SUPLITSKY, 23, of Los Angeles. The right-hander was 17-0 last season and had a 1.46 ERA.

Co-winners of the American League's Bookie of the Year award, Manager Earl Boddie JOHN CASTINO, 25, who hit: 283 with 52 RBIs, and Toronto Shortstop ALFREDO GRIFFIN, 27, a 287 homer with 26 stolen bases.

TRADED—To San Diego, Second Baseman DAVE CASH, Jr., 28, lifetime batter who hit 521 for Montreal last season, for Oakland First Baseman JAMES BERRY, 27, a 207 homer in 1979, and infielder BILL ALMON, 25, who had a 227 average.

SEPARATED—Former Olympic decathlon champion BRUCE JENNER and his wife, CRAWFORD.

DIED—Middleweight WELIE CLASSEN, 28, as a result of head injuries sustained during a bout on Nov. 23 with Wilfred Seppien, in New York.

CHANGES
26—Chief Muckton **28**—Mark delano naza host James Drake **29**—James Drake **30**—John Jacobo **31**—Carl Lewis **32**—Greg Sertel **33**—John Jacobo **34**—John Jacobo **35**—John Jacobo **36**—John Jacobo **37**—John Jacobo **38**—John Jacobo **39**—John Jacobo **40**—John Jacobo **41**—John Jacobo **42**—John Jacobo **43**—John Jacobo **44**—John Jacobo **45**—John Jacobo **46**—John Jacobo **47**—John Jacobo **48**—John Jacobo **49**—John Jacobo **50**—John Jacobo **51**—John Jacobo **52**—John Jacobo **53**—John Jacobo **54**—John Jacobo **55**—John Jacobo **56**—John Jacobo **57**—John Jacobo **58**—John Jacobo **59**—John Jacobo **60**—John Jacobo **61**—John Jacobo **62**—John Jacobo **63**—John Jacobo **64**—John Jacobo **65**—John Jacobo **66**—John Jacobo **67**—John Jacobo **68**—John Jacobo **69**—John Jacobo **70**—John Jacobo **71**—John Jacobo **72**—John Jacobo **73**—John Jacobo **74**—John Jacobo **75**—John Jacobo **76**—John Jacobo **77**—John Jacobo **78**—John 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19TH

HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUGAR RAY
Sir:

Thank you for a knockout article on one of the best fighters pound for pound, Sugar Ray Leonard (*Sugar Sure Is Sweet*, Nov. 26). Since he is seemingly unbeatable, I am curious as to the identity of the boozers who beat him during his 145-5 amateur career.

PETER LINES
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

• In 1972, when he was only 16, Leonard lost twice, first to Jerome Atua of Philadelphia in the quarterfinals of the national AAU championships and then to Greg Whaley of Cincinnati in the semifinals of the Eastern Olympic Trials. Whaley, however, took such a beating from Leonard that he wasn't allowed to continue in the Trials and never fought again. In 1973 Randy Shields, a 17-year-old Hollywood, Calif. high school student, upset Leonard for the AAU 139-pound title, and in 1974 Leonard again lost twice, both times in Europe. In Moscow, after Sug-

ar Ray was decisively by two-time Soviet champion Anatoli Kameev, Kameev walked across the ring and presented the winner's trophy to Leonard. And in Poland, the decision went to Kazimierz Szczerba despite the fact that Leonard dominated the first two rounds and knocked Szczerba down three times in the third.—ED

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed William Nack's article on Sugar Ray. It is always nice to see a fighter of such great potential succeed. Many talented boxers have had their careers ruined by poor management. Leonard's progression is all the more refreshing because of the fine way he has been handled.

JIM SOLIMON
New York City

Sir:

The plaudits accorded Sugar Ray Leonard are certainly well deserved considering his accomplishments. But we in Michigan will re-

serve judgment until he does battle with Detroit's "Welter Warrior," Thomas Hearns.

PAUL HECHT
Taylor, Mich.

ARMBALL

Sir:

In regard to Paul Zimmerman's article *The Name of the Game Is Now Armball* (Nov. 19), there seems to be a lot of negative reaction to the new NFL rules that have allowed an increase in passing and scoring. Why? Pro football is safer and more exciting because of those rules. I would rather see a 55-22 game with a lot of passing than watch a 7-3 game buster out on the ground. Besides, with teams like New England running up more than 25 points in a quarter, even a seemingly lopsided game can be up in the air until the final gun.

JOHN FREDERICKSON
Dover, Del.

Sir:

Tom Landry summed it up best: "Football

continued

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Come out of the cold. And into the comfort zone. The Reddy Heater comfort zone.

Reddy Heater is a lightweight, super portable oil-fired heater that transforms the coldest garages, workshops and other unheated buildings into warm work areas.

There's no installation. Just fill the tank and plug in for instant heat.*

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A SALUTE TO BSR'S ACCUGLIDE.™ THE COMPUTERIZED TURNTABLE WITH REMOTE CONTROL.

Thanks to Accuglide's remote control, you can play your favorite music from up to 40 feet away. Raise or lower the volume of Swan Lake without leaping up. Reject or repeat a hustle without a hassle. Raise the tone arm so you can answer the phone, then lower it without missing a beat. Even raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

And you can do all this because Accuglide's built-in computer puts 27 commands at your command. Simply by pressing a few buttons you can hear your first record once, your second record twice, repeat the third, then reject the fourth course by now you're eager to hear Beethoven's Fifth.

Now, if you think this sounds good, wait till you see Accuglide's record transport system lower and raise your records like an elevator. Unlike other turntables, it doesn't drop them. So your hard rock won't drop on *Madame Butterfly*. Instead, its unique rotary spindle rotates its way to the top to pick up your record, carefully lowers it, then gently places it on the platter. No other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't be in better hands. Not even your own.

What's more, the belt-drive Accuglide™ also features a superb low-mass tonearm and an ADC induced-magnet cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the kind

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*Per person, double occupancy, Sept. 22 to Jan. 6. More or fewer nights, add or deduct \$56.50 per person, per day. Jan. 6 to April 13: \$424.50, add or deduct \$66.50 per person, per day. April 13 to June 1: \$384.50, add or deduct \$59.50 per person, per day. Very special children's rates, too.

19TH HOLE continued

should be innovative. Changes should come only through evolution. But when you try to change the nature of the game through the rules, you're defeating it."

Teams that have thrived on excellent defense are being hurt tremendously. As Landry also says, it's all but impossible to shut off receivers like Lynn Swann, Tony Hill or John Stalworth without touching them—but the new rules allow a defender to bump a receiver only once within five yards of the line of scrimmage. The rule changes have turned plays like the bomb, which used to be rare and exciting, into dull and commonplace occurrences. As I see it, a long pass nowadays is usually good for a first down whether it is caught or not, because a lot of deep plays draw a pass-interference or illegal-chuck penalty, good for a first down and often more. This results in cheap yardage and undermines the efforts of the defense. When games are being won on penalties instead of good football, it's time to quit changing the rules.

JOHN CHESWILL

Glendale, Ariz.

INDIAN RUNNERS

Sir:

Many thanks for the tremendous article on American Indian runners (*Running to Nowhere*, Nov. 26). Being part Acama Indian, I have often grieved over the fate of my people. While many Indians closer to the big cities do come out of their "shells" and are among our country's leading citizens, it is unfortunate that the talents of so many other first Americans are wasted because they continue to live according to their old customs.

MIKE HAMMOND

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sir:

While remembering that America's only gold medal in an Olympic 10,000-meter race was won by Billy Mills, we should not forget that our only other medal in the distance was also won by an Indian. Louis Tewanana, a Hopi from Arizona, placed second in 1912.

BERT NELSON

Editor

Track & Field News

Los Angeles, Calif.

ARKANSAS SCORING

Sir:

In beating Baylor 29-20 on Nov. 10, Arkansas may have had the most varied scoring quarter in the history of college football. Behind 17-9 at the beginning of the fourth quarter, the Razorbacks then got 20 points by each of the five possible scoring methods: two touchdowns (one scored by the defense), a two-point conversion, a PAT, a field goal and a safety. This must have set a record.

JAMES R. SKILLERN

Fayetteville, Ark.

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